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THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN TEN VOLUMES COMPLETE.

CONTAINING,

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

III. SERMONS. —— IV. LETTERS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

LONDON:

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LETTERS

OF THE LATE

LAURENCE STERNE:

WITH

A FRAGMENT, IN THE MANNER OF RABELAIS;

AND

THE HISTORY OF A WATCH-COAT.

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LETTERS.

LETTER LXXXI.*

TO ELIZA †.

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The ſermons came all hot from the heart: I wiſh that I could give them any title to be offered to yours.—The others came from the

* This and the nine following Letters have no dates to them, but were evidently written in the months of March and April 1767. They are therefore here placed together.

† The Editor of the firſt publication of Mr. Sterne's Letters to Eliza gives the following account of this lady: "Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, "wife of Daniel Draper, Eſq. counſellor at "Bombay, and at preſent [i. e. in 1775] chief

head—I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly ſo; for I never valued (or

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" of the factory at Surat, a gentleman very " much reſpected in that quarter of the globe.— " She is by birth an Eaſt Indian; but the cir- " cumſtance of being born in the country, not " proving ſufficient to defend her delicate frame " againſt the heats of that burning climate, ſhe " came to England for the recovery of her health, " when by accident ſhe became acquainted with " Mr. Sterne. He immediately diſcovered in " her a mind ſo congenial with his own, ſo en- " lightened, ſo refined, and ſo tender, that " their mutual attraction preſently joined them " in the cloſeſt union that purity could poſſibly " admit of: he loved her as his friend, and prided " in her as his pupil; all her concerns became " preſently his; her health, her circumſtances, " her reputation, her children, were his; his " fortune, his time, his country, were at her " diſpoſal, ſo far as the ſacrifice of all or any " of theſe might, in his opinion, contribute to " her real happineſs. If it is aſked, whether the " glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never " tranſported him to a flight beyond the limits " of pure Platoniſm, the publiſher will not take

ſaw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your ſex than of you; ſo adieu.

Yours faithfully,
if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

" upon him abſolutely to deny it; but this he " thinks, ſo far from leaving any ſtain upon that " gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes " his faireſt encomium; ſince to cheriſh the " ſeeds of piety and chaſtity in a heart which the " paſſions are intereſted to corrupt, muſt be al- " lowed to be the nobleſt effort of a ſoul fraught " and fortified with the juſteſt ſentiments of religion " and virtue."

After reading theſe letters, the curioſity of the public will be naturally excited to enquire concerning the fate of the lady to whom they were addreſſed. To this queſtion it will be ſufficient to anſwer, that ſhe has been dead ſome years, and that it might give pain to many worthy perſons if the circumſtances which attended the latter part of her life were diſcloſed, as they are generally ſaid to have reflected no credit either on her prudence or diſcretion.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

I CANNOT reſt, Eliza, though I ſhall call on you at half paſt twelve, till I know how you do—May thy dear face ſmile, as thou riſeſt, like the ſun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indiſpoſition yeſterday; and diſappointed too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the ſame right as a phyſician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll ſay) ſay otherwiſe.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always conſiſt in obſerving their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfaſt, but ſhall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a ſingle line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to ſee thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I GOT thy letter laſt night, Eliza, on my return from lord Bathurſt's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermiſſion) with ſo much pleaſure and attention, that the good old Lord toaſted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, ſays he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian diſciple, and to ſee her eclipſe all other nabobeſſes as much in wealth, as ſhe does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope ſo too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had thoſe of the laſt century, Addiſon, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—The manner in which his notice began

of me, was as ſingular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the princeſs of Wales's court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you ſhould know, alſo, who it is that wiſhes this pleaſure. You have heard, continued he, of an old Lord Bathurſt, of whom your Popes and Swifts have ſung and ſpoken ſo much: I have lived my life with geniuſes of that caſt; but have ſurvived them; and, deſpairing ever to find their equals, it is ſome years ſince I have cloſed my accounts, and ſhut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a deſire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; ſo go home and dine with me."—This nobleman, I ſay, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptneſs of a man of thirty. A diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and a power to pleaſe others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courteſy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon ſatisfaction;—for there was only a third perſon, and of ſenſibility, with us.—And a moſt ſentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we paſſed! But thou, Eliza, wert the ſtar that conducted and enliven'd the diſcourſe.—And when I talked not of thee, ſtill didſt thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered, for I am not aſhamed to acknowledge I greatly miſs thee.—Beſt of all good girls! the ſufferings I have ſuſtained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words. —Aſſuredly does Heaven give ſtrength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou haſt been bowed down, my child, with every burden that ſorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and ſtill thou telleſt me, thou art beginning to get eaſe;—thy fever gone, thy ſickneſs, the pain in thy ſide vaniſhing alſo.—May every evil ſo vaniſh that thwarts Eliza's happineſs, or but awakens thy fears

for a moment!—Fear nothing, my dear!—Hope every thing; and the balm of this paſſion will ſhed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a ſpring of youth and cheerfulneſs, more than thou haſt hardly yet taſted.

And ſo thou haſt fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-deſk; and wilt conſult it in all doubts and difficulties.——Grateful and good girl! Yorick ſmiles contentedly over all thou doſt; his picture does not do juſtice to his own complacency.

Thy ſweet little plan and diſtribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leaveſt me nothing to direct thee in; thou leaveſt me nothing to require, nothing to aſk—but a continuation of that conduct which won my eſteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roſes come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But truſt my declaration, Eliza, that thy huſband (if he is the good, feel-

ing man I wiſh him) will preſs thee to him with more honeſt warmth and affection, and kiſs thy pale, poor dejected face, with more tranſport, than he would be able to do, in the beſt bloom of all thy beauty;—and ſo he ought, or I pity him. He muſt have ſtrange feeling, if he knows not the value of ſuch a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miſs Light * goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ſhip-mates are friendly beings. You could leaſt diſpenſe with what is contrary to your own nature, which is ſoft and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize ſavages.—Though pity were it thou ſhouldſt be tainted with the office! How canſt thou make apologies for thy laſt letter? 'tis moſt delicious to me, for the very reaſon you excuſe it. Write to me, my child, only ſuch.

* Miſs Light afterwards married George Stratton, Eſq. late in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company at Madras. She is ſince dead.

Let them ſpeak the eaſy careleſſneſs of a heart that opens itſelf, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to eſteem and truſt. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and ſo I ſhould ever live with thee, moſt artleſsly, moſt affectionately, if Providence permitted thy reſidence in the ſame ſection of the globe:—for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilſt he is dreſſing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beſide me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we ſat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear ſo piteous an account of thy ſickneſs! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear

it will ſink thy poor ſoul, and body with it, paſt recovery—Heaven ſupply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy ſweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin, have mixed their tears a hundred times, in ſpeaking of thy hardſhips, thy goodneſs, thy graces.—The ****'s, by heavens, are worthleſs! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or ſuffer them to leave you rather) with impreſſions the leaſt favourable? I have told thee enough to plant diſguſt againſt their treachery to thee, to the laſt hour of thy life! Yet ſtill thou toldeſt Mrs. James at laſt, that thou believeſt they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her eaſe of mind, have ſaved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baſeneſs—For GOD's ſake, write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with ſuch polluted hearts—*They* love thee!

What proof? Is it their actions that ſay ſo? or their zeal for thoſe attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderneſs for thy fame? No—But they *weep*, and ſay *tender things*.—Adieu to all ſuch for ever. Mrs. James's honeſt heart revolts againſt the idea of ever returning them one viſit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almoſt every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which ariſes only out of that fund of affection I have, and ſhall preſerve for thee to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually adviſing thee? think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cauſe I have mentioned! I think you are a very deſerving woman; and that you want nothing but firmneſs and a better opinion of yourſelf to be the beſt female character I know. I wiſh I could inſpire you with a ſhare of that vanity your

enemies lay to your charge (though to me it has never been viſible); becauſe I think, in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably ſhall never ſee you more; yet I flatter myſelf you'll ſometimes think of me with pleaſure; becauſe you muſt be convinced I love you, and ſo intereſt myſelf in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourſelf. I had not power to keep this remonſtrance in my breaſt.—It's now out; ſo adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

TO whom ſhould Eliza apply in her diſtreſs, but to her friend who loves her? why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reaſon, if you ever ſent commiſſions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your piano forte muſt be tuned from the braſs middle ſtring of your guittar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twiſt your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate ſweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handſome braſs ſcrews, to hang your neceſſaries upon: I purchaſed twelve; but ſtole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould—I ſhall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I ſhall think of you. I have bought

thee, moreover, a couple of iron ſcrews, which are more to be depended on than braſs, for the globes.

I have written, alſo, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had diſpatched theſe in a packet, directed to his care; which I deſired he would ſeek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what ſort of an arm-chair you would want, and have directed him to purchaſe the beſt that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the firſt boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, ſo ſupply all thy wants, and all thy wiſhes! It would be a ſtate of happineſs to me.—The journal is as it ſhould be—all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I loſe both firmneſs and philoſophy, as I figure to myſelf your diſtreſſes. Do not think I ſpoke laſt night with two much aſperity of ****; there was cauſe; and beſides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, in-

deed cannot. But, adieu to the ungrateful ſubject.

I have been this morning to ſee Mrs. James—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—She ſays thou looked'ſt moſt ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I ſhall viſit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my laſt letter, I earneſtly bid thee farewell.—May the God of Kindneſs be kind to thee, and approve himſelf thy protector, now thou art defenceleſs! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever meaſure of ſorrow and diſtreſs is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full meaſure of happineſs, by the Being thou haſt wiſely choſen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza! whilſt I live, count upon me as the moſt warm and diſintereſted of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST ELIZA!

I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you ſhall ſee it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a ſorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they ſhould be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving ſomething of the kind by every poſt; till then, thou waveſt thy hand, and bid'ſt me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what ſort of fortitude Heaven inſpires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon ſeeing me at Deal, with the James's,

ſhould you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I ſhould with pleaſure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any ſervice, or doing you kindneſs. Gracious and merciful God! conſider the anguiſh of a poor girl.—Strengthen and preſerve her in all the ſhocks her frame muſt be expoſed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the laſt.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the ſky ſeems to ſmile upon me, as I look up to it. I am juſt returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and ſome other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expreſſive of a ſweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to pleaſe a very ſincere friend, or ſentimental philoſopher.—In the

one, you are dreſſed in ſmiles, and with all the advantages of ſilks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, ſimple as a veſtal—appearing the good girl nature made you;—which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected ſweetneſs, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conqueſt, in a birth-day ſuit with her countenance animated, and her dimples viſible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your perſon into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you ſat for Mrs. James—Your colour, too, brightened; and your eyes ſhone with more than uſual brilliancy. I then requeſted you to come ſimple and unadorned when you ſat for me—knowing (as I ſee with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the ſilk-worm's aid, or jeweller's poliſh. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before. —When, I firſt ſaw you, I beheld you as an object of compaſſion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your

dreſs (tho' faſhionable) disfigured you. —But nothing now could render you ſuch, but the being ſolicitous to make yourſelf admired as a handſome one. —You are not handſome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will pleaſe the tenth part of your beholders,—but are ſomething more; for I ſcruple not to tell you, I never ſaw ſo intelligent, ſo animated, ſo good a countenance; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of ſenſe, tenderneſs, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in conſequence of it; that is, if you aſſume, or aſſumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artleſs being nature deſigned you for. A ſomething in your eyes, and voice you poſſeſs in a degree more perſuaſive than any woman I ever ſaw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching ſort of nameleſs excellence, that men of nice ſenſibility alone can be touched with.

Were your huſband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchaſe the acquiſition), to let you only ſit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am ſure the work would ſell ſo much the better for it, that I ſhould be reimburſed the ſum more than ſeven times told.—I would not give nine pence for the picture of you the Newnhams have got executed —It is the reſemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the ſhape of your face (the latter the moſt perfect oval I ever ſaw), which are perfections that muſt ſtrike the moſt indifferent judge, becauſe they are equal to any of GOD's works in a ſimilar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifeſtly injured by the affected leer of the one, and ſtrange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artiſt's, or your friend's

falſe taſte. The ****'s, who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or ſticking like pitch, or birdlime, ſent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She ſent back, ſhe was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night.—She anſwered, ſhe did not go. She ſays, if ſhe allows the leaſt footing, ſhe never ſhall get rid of the acquaintance; which ſhe is reſolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the firſt uſe they would make of being with her, would be to ſacrifice you to her (if they could) a ſecond time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyſelf. She begs I will reiterate my requeſt to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpreſſible pain. Be aſſured, all this is not without reaſon on her ſide. I have my reaſons too, the firſt of which is, that I ſhould grieve to exceſs, if Eliza

wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built ſo high upon. I ſaid I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I ſhould not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou beſt and moſt endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My ſpirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

I THINK you could act no otherwiſe than you did with the young ſoldier. There was no ſhutting the door againſt him, either in politeneſs or humanity. Thou telleſt me he ſeems ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions: and that before Miſs Light has ſailed a

fortnight, he will be in love with her. —Now I think it a thouſand times more likely that he attaches himſelf to thee, Eliza; becauſe thou art a thouſand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the ſame room; and an amorous ſon of Mars beſides!— "*It can no be, maſſer.*" The ſun, if he could avoid it, would not ſhine upon a dunghill; but his rays are ſo pure, Eliza, and celeſtial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it.—Juſt ſuch will thine be, deareſt child, in this, and every ſuch ſituation you will be expoſed to, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy diſcretion, thy wiſdom, thy honour, the ſpirit of thy Yorick, and thy own ſpirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ableſt counſellors.

Surely, by this time, ſomething is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean waſhing and rubbing do inſtead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is ſo perni-

cious, both to your nerves and lungs and will keep you ſo much longer too, out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will paſs ſome of your happieſt hours.—

I fear the beſt of your ſhipmates are only genteel by compariſon with the contraſted crew, with which thou muſt behold them. So was—you know who!—from the ſame fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and diſtant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice;—thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open and fall naturally into them. Heaven inſpire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial. Beſt of GOD's works, farewell! Love me, I beſeech thee; and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the moſt comprehenſive ſenſe,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by ſome Dutch or French ſhip, or from the Cape de Verd Iſlands—It will reach me ſomehow.—

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

OH! I grieve for your cabin.—And the freſh painting will be enough to deſtroy every nerve about thee. Nothing ſo pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourſelf, dear girl; and ſleep not in it too ſoon. It will be enough to give you a ſtroke of an epilepſy. I hope you will have left the ſhip; and

that my letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your poſt-chaiſe, at Deal. When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into ſome order.—The firſt eight or nine are numbered: but I wrote the reſt without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, ſew them together under a cover. I truſt they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and unintereſting diſcourſe) retire, and converſe an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a ſingle ſtroke of wit or humour; but they contain ſomething better; and what you will feel more ſuited to your ſituation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive looſe touches of an honeſt heart, in every one of them;

which ſpeaks more than the moſt ſtudied periods; and will give thee more ground of truſt and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could ſupply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, diſtreſs, anguiſh, and ſhame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reaſon to repent the knowledge of me!"——With this aſſeveration, made in the preſence of a juſt God, I pray to him, that ſo it may ſpeed with me, as I deal candidly, and honourably with thee! I would not miſlead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a ſingle individual, for the richeſt crown the proudeſt monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may ſtyle, and think, yours.—Though ſorry ſhould I be, if ever my friendſhip was put to the teſt thus, for your own delicacy's ſake.—Money and counters are of equal uſe, in my opinion; they both ſerve to ſet up with.

I hope you will anſwer me this letter; but if thou are debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is ſuch a one as thou would'ſt have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happineſs, and health, and comforts of every kind, ſail along with thee, thou moſt worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart—gain wiſdom, gain fame, and happineſs, to ſhare with them—with thee—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu.—Preſerve thy life; ſteadily purſue the ends we propoſed; and let nothing rob thee of thoſe powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the laſt poſtman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myſelf to Heaven with thee, in the ſame fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy, and meet again;

if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu,—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlaſtingly,

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was poſſible to poſtpone the voyage to India, for another year.—For I am firmly perſuaded within my own heart, that thy huſband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is abſolutely killing.—Should evil befal thee, what will he not have to anſwer for? I know not the being that will be deſerving of ſo much pity, or that I ſhall hate more. He will be an outcaſt, alien —In which caſe I will be a father to thy

children, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art ſo very ill, ſtill put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your huſband—tell him the truth of your caſe.—If he is the generous, humane man you deſcribe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England ariſes only from the dread, which has entered his brain, that thou mayeſt run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he muſt diſcharge them—that ſuch a creature ſhould be ſacrificed for the paltry conſideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! Oh! my child! that I could, with propriety, indemnify him for every charge, even to the laſt mite, that thou haſt been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole ſubſiſtence—nay, ſequeſter my livings, and truſt the treaſures Heaven has furniſhed my head with, for a future ſubſiſtence.—

You owe much, I allow, to your huſband,—you owe ſomething to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but, truſt me, my dear, you owe much likewiſe to yourſelf.—Return, therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill.—I will preſcribe for you, gratis.—You are not the firſt woman, by many, I have done ſo for, with ſucceſs. I will ſend for my wife and daughter, and they ſhall carry your in purſuit of health, to Montpelier, the wells of Bançois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou ſhalt direct them, and make parties of pleaſure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We ſhall fiſh upon the banks of Arno, and loſe ourſelves in the ſweet labyrinths of its vallies.—And then thou ſhould'ſt warble to us, as I have one or twice heard thee,—" I'm loſt, I'm loſt"—but we ſhould find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a ſimilar nature to this, was your phyſician's preſcription: " Uſe gentle exerciſe, the pure ſouthern air of France, or milder Naples

—with the ſociety of friendly, gentle beings." Senſible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whoſe ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you muſt truſt to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health ſo enthuſiaſtic a votary to the charming goddeſs deſerves!

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping ſecret ſome things, which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourſelf. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redreſs. Well have you ſupported that character, my amiable, philoſophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow.—I don't mean to inſinuate, huſſey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it poſſible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious.—I am ſure, while I have my reaſon, it is not—Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are ſuch, do

not think of giving yourſelf to ſome wealthy nabob—becauſe I deſign to marry you myſelf.—My wife cannot live long—ſhe has ſold all the provinces in France already—and I know not the woman I ſhould like ſo well for her ſubſtitute as yourſelf.—'Tis true, I am ninety-five in conſtitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a diſparity this!—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour.—Not Swift ſo loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sachariſſa, as I will love and ſing thee, my wife elect! All thoſe names, eminent as they were, ſhall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me, in anſwer to this, that you approve and honour the propoſal, and that you would (like the Spectator's miſtreſs) have more joy in putting on an old man's ſlipper, than aſſociating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death.—I was ill the laſt time I wrote to you, and apprehenſive of what would be the conſequence.—My fears were but too well founded; for, in ten minutes after I diſpatched my letter, this poor, fine-ſpun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a veſſel in my breaſt, and could not ſtop the loſs of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it. —It came, I think, from my heart! I fell aſleep through weakneſs. At ſix I awoke, with the boſom of my ſhirt ſteeped in tears. I dreamt I was ſitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou cameſt into the room, with a ſhaul in thy hand, and told me, my ſpirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings

of my fate; and that you were come to adminiſter what conſolation filial affection could beſtow, and to receive my parting breath and bleſſing.—With that you folded the ſhaul about my waiſt, and, kneeling, ſupplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! "But thou wilt number my tears and put them all into thy bottle."—Dear girl! I ſee thee,—thou art for ever preſent to my fancy,—embracing my feeble knees, and raiſing thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Eſau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears—"Bleſs *me* even alſo, my father!"—Bleſſing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite ſtopped, and I feel the principle of life ſtrong within me; ſo be not alarmed, Eliza—I know I ſhall do well. I have eat my breakfaſt with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleaſure ariſing from that prophetic impreſſion in my imagination, that "all will terminate to our heart's content."

Comfort thyſelf eternally with this perſuaſion, "that the beſt of Beings (as thou haſt ſweetly expreſſed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, produce ſuch a chain of events, merely to be the ſource of miſery to the leading perſon engaged in them." The obſervation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expreſſed. I wiſh my memory did juſtice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing ſo ſweetly, Eliza?—You have abſolutely exalted it to a ſcience!—When I am in want of ready caſh, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itſelf, I ſhall print your letters, as finiſhed eſſays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The ſtyle is new; and would almoſt be a ſufficient recommendation for their ſelling well, without merit—but their ſenſe, natural eaſe, and ſpirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this ſection of the globe; nor, I will anſwer for it, by any of your country-women in yours.—I have ſhewn your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town.—You ſhall not be an-

gry with me for it, becauſe I meant to do you houour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epiſtolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou could'ſt acquire thy graces, thy goodneſs, thy accompliſhments—ſo connected! ſo educated! Nature has ſurely ſtudied to make thee her peculiar care—for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the beſt and faireſt of all her works.—

And ſo this is the laſt letter thou art to receive from me; becauſe the Earl of Chatham * (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find, is fair. If ſo—bleſſed woman! take my laſt, laſt farewell!—Cheriſh the remembrance of me; think how I eſteem, nay how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I ſet upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one ſtraight rule of conduct, that thou

* By the Newſpapers of the times it appears that the *Earl of Chatham* Eaſt-Indiaman ſailed from Deal, April 3, 1767.

haſt heard from my lips in a thouſand forms—but I concenter it in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguiſh of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubt or miſgivings diſturb the ſerenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's, —and Yorick is thy friend for ever!—Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that Hope ſhortens all journies, by ſweetening them—ſo ſing my little ſtanza on the ſubject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou ariſeſt, and thou wilt eat thy breakfaſt with more comfort for it.

Bleſſings, reſt, and Hygeia go with thee! May'ſt thou ſoon return, in peace and affluence, to illume my night! I am, and ſhall be, the laſt to deplore thy loſs, and will be the firſt to congratulate and hail thy return.—

FARE THEE WELL.

LETTER XCI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Bond-ſtreet, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it—I cannot be cheerful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me—I have met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner—but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience?—Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution?—For GOD's ſake, perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation—and whilſt ſhe lives in

one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice—beſides I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping, when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me. —I am apprehenſive the dear friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo altered—ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks—I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman without burſting into tears—I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs—our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world with more compoſure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I ſend thee a copy—'Tis expreſſive of her modeſt

worth—but may Heaven reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly ſhew
An idle ſcene of decorated woe.
The ſweet companion, and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to ſhine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearſe like thine.
'Twill flow whilſt gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be,

Thy affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. ——, by your deſcription he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to ſuch a being—Send me ſome *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER XCII.

TO LADY P.

Mount Coffee-houſe, Tueſday, 3 o'clock.

THERE is a ſtrange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a ſtone-caſt of the lady who engroſſes the heart and ſoul of an inamorato—for this cauſe (but moſtly becauſe I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Triſtram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-houſe the neareſt I could find to my dear Lady ———'s houſe, and have called for a ſheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed—Now for it—

O my dear lady, what a diſhclout of a ſoul haſt thou made of me!—I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction for ſo unfamiliar a ſituation as I ſtand in with you—where, Heaven knows, I am kept at a diſtance—and deſpair of getting one

inch nearer you, with all the ſteps and windings I can think of to recommend myſelf to you—Would not any man in his ſenſes run diametrically from you—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus cauſeleſsly, fooliſhly, and fool-hardily expoſe himſelf afreſh—and afreſh, where his heart and his reaſon tells him he ſhall be ſure to come off loſer, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to ſee me?—Does it give you pleaſure to make me more unhappy—or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the reſt of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakeſt, the moſt ductile, the moſt tender fool, that ever woman tried the weakneſs of—and the moſt unſettled in my purpoſes and reſolutions of recovering my right mind.—It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and ſwore I never would come near you—and after ſaying my Lord's Prayer for the ſake of the cloſe, *of not being led*

into temptation—out I ſallied like any Chriſtian hero, ready to take the field againſt the world, the fleſh, and the devil; not doubting but I ſhould finally trample them all down under my feet—and now am I got ſo near you—within this vile ſtone's caſt of your houſe—I feel myſelf drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upſide downwards, and though I had purchaſed a box ticket to carry me to Miſs *******'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a ſingle line directed to me, to let me know Lady ——— would be alone at ſeven, and ſuffer me to ſpend the evening with her, ſhe would infallibly ſee every thing verified I have told her.—I dine at Mr. C——r's in Wigmore-ſtreet, in this neighbourhood, where I ſhall ſtay till ſeven, in hopes you purpoſe to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I ſhall conclude you are better diſpoſed of—and ſhall take a ſorry hack, and ſorrily jog on to the play—Curſe on the word. I

know nothing but ſorrow—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps fooliſhly, but)

moſt ſincerely.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Old Bond-ſtreet, April 21, 1767.

I AM ſincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J——, by your friendly enquiry, and the intereſt you are ſo good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myſelf, having paſſed a bad night in much feveriſh agitation.—My phyſician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till ſome favourable change —I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—he ſays it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on ſo cold a day as Sunday—but he is miſtaken, for I am certain what-

ever bears the name muſt have efficacy with me—I was bled yeſterday, and again to-day, and have been almoſt dead; but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-ſtreet has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope ſtill, and (next to the ſenſe of what I owe my friends) it ſhall be the laſt pleaſurable ſenſation I will part with—if I continue mending, it will yet be ſome time before I ſhall have ſtrength enough to get out in a carriage—my firſt viſit will be a viſit of true gratitude—I leave my kind friends to gueſs where—a thouſand bleſſings go along with this, and may Heaven preſerve you both—Adieu, my dear Sir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIV.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Bond-ſtreet, Saturday [April 25, 1767].

I WAS very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courteſy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my liſt of ſubſcribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks.—But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will alſo on this account, and that is, to ſend me the ſubſcription money, which I find a neceſſity of dunning my beſt friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very ſlender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither ſtrength of body or mind); and ſo, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M. the Ducheſs of M. and Lord M. for their

ſubſcriptions, and lay the ſin, and money with it too, at my door—I wiſh ſo good a family every bleſſing they merit, along with my humbleſt compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning—and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S———.

LETTER XCV.

TO THE EARL OF S———.

Old Bond-ſtreet, May 1, 1767.

MY LORD,

I WAS yeſterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindneſs of Lord and Lady S——, who have made a party to dine and ſup on my account—I am impatient to ſet out for my ſolitude, for there the mind

gains ſtrength, and learns to lean upon herſelf—In the world it ſeeks or accepts of a few treacherous ſupports—the feigned compaſſion of one—the flattery of a ſecond—the civilities of a third—the friendſhip of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received ſuch numberleſs and unmerited civilities from your lordſhip, without returning my moſt grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illneſs, my Lord, has occaſioned my ſilence—Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him—the call was both unexpected and unpleaſant—and I am ſeriouſly worn down to a ſhadow—and ſtill very weak;—but weak as I am, I have as whimſical a ſtory to tell you as ever befel one of my family—Shandy's noſe, his name, his ſaſh window are fools to it—it will ſerve at leaſt to

amuſe you—The injury I did myſelf laſt month in catching cold upon James's Powder—fell, you muſt know, upon the worſt part it could—the moſt painful, and moſt dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this criſis I called in an able ſurgeon and with him an able phyſician (both my friends) to inſpect my diſaſter—'Tis a venereal caſe, cried my two ſcientific friends—'Tis impoſſible, however, to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the ſex, not even with my wife, added I, theſe fifteen years.—You are, however, my good friend, ſaid the ſurgeon, or there is no ſuch caſe in the world—What the devil, ſaid I, without knowing woman?—We will not reaſon about it, ſaid the phyſician, but you muſt undergo a courſe of mercury—I will loſe my life firſt, ſaid I—and truſt to nature, to time, or at the worſt to death—So I put an end, with ſome indignation, to the conference—and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten

times more, rather than ſubmit to be treated like a *ſinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *ſaint*.—Now as the father of miſchief would have it, who has no pleaſure like that of diſhonouring the righteous, it ſo fell out that from the moment I diſmiſſed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expreſſed, or ſupported. Every hour became more intolerable.—I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up ſo near dead, that my friends inſiſted upon my ſending again for my phyſician and ſurgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both miſtaken, as to my caſe—but though they had reaſoned wrong, they might act right; but that ſharp as my ſufferings were, I felt them not ſo ſharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my caſe laid me under—They anſwered, that theſe taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years; but they would not reaſon with me in a point wherein I was ſo delicate, but would

do all the office for which they were called in, namely to put an end to my torment, which otherwiſe would put an end to me—and ſo I have been compelled to ſurrender myſelf—and thus, my dear Lord, has your poor friend with all his ſenſibilities been ſuffering the chaſtiſement of the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt. —Was it not as ridiculous an embarraſſment as ever Yorick's ſpirit was involved in?—Nothing but the pureſt conſcience of innocence could have tempted me to write this ſtory to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Triſtram Shandy's Life.—I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. ——. In ſome reſpects there is no difference between my wife and herſelf—when they fare alike, neither can reaſonably complain—I have juſt received letters from France, with ſome hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a viſit —if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himſelf he ſhall receive

a letter from your lordſhip, *en attendant.* I am with the great regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVI.

TO J. D——N, ESQ.

Old Bond-ſtreet, Friday morning.

I WAS going, my dear D—n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaiſe ſtands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal ſettlement.—I am ill, very ill,—I languiſh moſt affectingly—I am ſick both ſoul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man intereſts himſelf more in your happineſs, and I am glad you

are in ſo fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D. whilſt I—no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yeſterday with Lord and Lady S—; we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is ſo pleaſant a ſituation!—You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots—and I go bootleſs home—and I fear I ſhall go bootleſs all my life—Adieu, gentleſt and beſt of ſouls—adieu.

I am yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVII.

TO S—— H—— S——, ESQ.

Newark, Monday ten o'clock in the morn.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods conſigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaiſe moſt of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchaſe before I ſet out—I am worn out—but preſs on to Barnby Moor to-night, and if poſſible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but ſome *derangement* preſſes hard upon this machine—ſtill I think it will not be overſet this bout.—My love to G.—We ſhall all meet from the eaſt, and from the ſouth, and (as at the laſt) be happy together—My kind reſpects to a few.—I am, dear H.

Truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L——E, Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the ſeal of friendſhip, and moſt cordially do I thank you for ſo kind a proof of your good will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my ſentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unleſs I could have ſent her the teſtimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or thoſe that have lately been ſo, either call to mind what is paſt or what may return—at leaſt I find it ſo. I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould——and I wiſh you could ſee in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I ſit down alone to veniſon, fiſh and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and ſtrawberries, and cream, and all the ſimple

plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a pariſhioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If ſolitude would cure a love-ſick heart, I would give you an invitation—but abſence and time leſſen no attachment which virtue inſpires. I am in high ſpirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my poſt-chaiſe, with two long-tailed horſes——they turn out good ones; and as to myſelf, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I ſubmitted to in town—May you, dear L——, want neither the one, nor the other!

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I AM in ſtill better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote laſt to you, owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H——, whoſe caſtle lies near the ſea—and there is a beach as even as a mirrour, of five miles in length, before it—where we daily run races in our chaiſes, with one wheel in the ſea, and the other on land.—D—— has obtained his fair Indian, and has this poſt ſent a letter of enquiries after Yorick, and his Bramin. He is a good ſoul, and intereſts himſelf much in our fate—I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in ſaying you intend to get introduced to the ——. I deſpiſe them, and I ſhall hold your underſtanding much cheaper than I now do, if you perſiſt in a reſolution ſo unworthy of

you.—I ſuppoſe Mrs. J—— telling you they were ſenſible, is the ground-work you go upon—by — they are not clever; though what is commonly called wit, may paſs for literature on the other ſide of Temple-bar.—You ſay Mrs. J—— thinks them amiable—ſhe judges too favourably: but I have put a ſtop to her intentions of viſiting them.—They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Bramine aſſured me they uſed their endeavours with her to break off her friendſhip with me, for reaſons I will not write, but tell you.—I ſaid enough of them before ſhe left England, and though ſhe yielded to me in every other point, yet in this ſhe obſtinately perſiſted.—Strange infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpoſe by a falſity, which Yorick's friendſhip to the Bramine can only juſtify.—I wrote her word that the moſt amiable of women reiterated my requeſt, that ſhe would not write to them. I ſaid too, ſhe had concealed many things for the ſake of her peace of mind—

when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged ſo ſtrongly. —Do not mention this circumſtance to Mrs. J——, 'twould diſpleaſe her—and I had no deſign in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herſelf.—I ought now to be buſy from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive —an eſtate to ſell—a pariſh to ſuperintend, and, what is worſt of all, a diſquieted heart to reaſon with—theſe are continual calls upon me.—I have received half a dozen letters to preſs me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at preſent deaf to them all.—I perhaps may paſs a few days there ſomething later in the ſeaſon, not at preſent —and ſo, dear L——e, adieu.

I am moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER C.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, June 30 [1767].

I MUST acknowledge the courteſy of my good friend Sancho's letter were I ten times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many expreſſions of his good will, and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to ſay a man is not gratified with being praiſed—we only want it to be ſincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an aſs to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuſe it), all together do wonders.—I ſhall live this year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impreſſions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt

ſo much health and ſpirits, as are ſufficient to carry my pen through the taſk I have ſet it this ſummer.—But I am a reſigned being, Sancho, and take health and ſickneſs, as I do light and darkneſs, or the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons—that is, juſt as it pleaſes GOD to ſend them—and accommodate myſelf to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care, whatever befals me in this ſilly world—not to loſe my temper at it.—This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the trueſt philoſophy—for this we muſt be indebted to ourſelves, but not to our fortunes.—Farewel—I hope you will not forget your cuſtom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter—in the mean time, I am very cordially,

My honeſt friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CI.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I ſit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this laſt inſtance of their humanity and politeneſs to me, I muſt ever be their debtor—I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my ſoul—and for the ſingle day's happineſs your goodneſs would have ſent me, I wiſh I could ſend you back thouſands—I cannot, but they will come of themſelves—and ſo GOD bleſs you.—I have had twenty times my pen in my hand ſince I came down, to write a letter to you both in Gerrard-ſtreet—but I am a ſhy kind of a ſoul at the bottom, and have a jealouſy about troubling my friends, eſpecially about

myſelf—I am now got perfectly well, but was, a month after my arrival in the country, in but a poor ſtate—my body has got the ſtart, and is at preſent more at eaſe than my mind—but this world is a ſchool of trials, and ſo Heaven's will be done!—I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted—and to complete your joy, that your little lady flouriſhes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to ſee her preferred by next winter. —I am now beginning to be truly buſy at my Sentimental Journey—the pains and ſorrows of this life having retarded its progreſs—but I ſhall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very ſhort time.

What can I ſend you that Yorkſhire produces? tell me—I want to be of uſe to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt value and eſteem,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

York, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR PANCHAUD,

BE ſo kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's poſt, or the next, and ſhe will receive them before ſhe quits Avignon, for England—ſhe wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—adviſe her to get her own life inſured in London, leſt my Lydia ſhould die before her.—If there are any packets, ſend them with the ninth volume * of Shandy, which ſhe has failed of getting—ſhe ſays ſhe has drawn for fifty louis—when ſhe leaves Paris, ſend by her my account.—— Have you got me any French ſubſcriptions, or ſubſcriptions in France?—Pre-

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

ſent my kindeſt ſervice to Miſs P. I know her politeneſs and good-nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what ſhe may venture to bring over.——I hope every thing goes on well, though never half ſo well as I wiſh——God proſper you, my dear friend—Believe me moſt warmly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

The ſooner you ſend me the gold ſnuff-box, the better—'tis a preſent from my beſt friend.

LETTER CIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Auguſt 2, 1767.

MY dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J— are infinitely kind to me, in ſending now and then a letter to inquire after me—and to acquaint me how they are.

—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illneſs.—I wiſh Mr. J—. would carry you to the ſouth of France in purſuit of health—but why need I wiſh it, when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of thoſe ſymptoms which alarmed him ſo much in the ſpring—Your politeneſs and humanity are always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promiſe next winter, will be perfectly ſo—but you muſt get well—and your little dear girl muſt be of the party, with her parents and friends, to give it a reliſh—I am ſure you ſhew no partiality but what is natural and praiſe-worthy, in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow; and I both hope and adviſe them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two ſtrings at leaſt to their bow.—I had letters from France by laſt night's poſt, by which (by ſome fatality) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern,

as it wears the aſpect of unkindneſs, which ſhe by no means merits from me. —My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a viſit for a few months;—I wiſh I may prevail with them to tarry longer. —You muſt permit me, dear Mrs. J. to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and ſpend a little time in London, as ſhe returns to France. I expect a ſmall parcel—may I trouble you, before you write next, to ſend to my lodgings to aſk if there is any thing directed to me that you can incloſe under cover.—I have but one excuſe for this freedom, which I am prompted to uſe, from a perſuaſion that it is doing you pleaſure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing—and as to myſelf, I reſt ſatisfied; for 'tis only ſcoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already—Receive a thouſand and a thouſand thanks, yes, and with them ten thouſand friendly wiſhes for all you wiſh in this world—May my friend Mr. J.

continue bleſſed with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I ſo ardently pray for.—Adieu, my dear friends—believe me moſt truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's laſt Letter, dated from St. Jago, ſhe tells me, as ſhe does you, that ſhe is extremely ill—God protect her!—By this time ſurely ſhe has ſet foot upon dry land at Madras—I heartily wiſh her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her ſo—but he is cut off from this, by bodily abſence—I am preſent with her in ſpirit, however—but what is that? you will ſay.

LETTER CIV.

TO J— H—S, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Coxwould, Auguſt 11, 1767.

I AM glad all has paſſed with ſo much amity *inter te & filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy ſight—All is well that ends well—and ſo much for moralizing upon it. I wiſh you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs.—Not one of my letters has got to Mrs. Sterne ſince the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my ſide, though I have wrote her ſix or ſeven.—I imagine ſhe will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which, having ſuffered by my ſuppoſed ſilence, I am perſuaded will make her fear the worſt—if that is the caſe, ſhe will fly to England —a moſt natural concluſion.—You did

well to diſcontinue all commerce with James's powders—as you are ſo well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry—mine ought upon the ſame ſcore—for I never have been ſo well ſince I left college—and ſhould be a marvellous happy man, but for ſome reflections which bow down my ſpirits—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myſelf with honour—and—no matter! we will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c., I will come and ſing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world.—I ſhould depend upon G—'s critic upon my head, as much, as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies—when you do not want her ſociety, let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum—to——and give her my bleſſing as you do it.—

My poſtillion has ſet me a-ground for a week, by one of my piſtols burſting in his hand, which he taking for granted

to be quite ſhot off—he inſtantly fell upon his knees and ſaid (Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name), at which, like a good Chriſtian, he ſtopped, not remembering any more of it—the affair was not ſo bad as he at firſt thought, for it has only *burſten* two of his fingers (he ſays).—I long to return to you, but I ſit here alone as ſolitary and ſad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep—he follows me from the parlour, to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wiſh I had a dog—my daughter will bring me one—and ſo God be about you, and ſtrengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear couſin, yours,

L. S.

My ſervice to the C——, though they are from home, and to Panty.

LETTER CV.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Auguſt 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I BUT copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the laſt from St. Jago—If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in courſe have had it—but I fear, from the circumſtance of great hurry and bodily diſorder in which ſhe was, when ſhe diſpatched this, ſhe might not have time.—In caſe it has ſo fallen out, I ſend you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholy hiſtory of herſelf and ſufferings, ſince they left St. Jago—continual and moſt violent rheumatiſm all the time—a fever

brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying ſymptom —the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a ſkeleton.—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the ſame time it will affect yours.—The three or four laſt days of our journal leave us with hopes ſhe will do well at laſt, for ſhe is more cheerful—and ſeems to be getting into better ſpirits; and health will follow in courſe. They have croſſed the line—are much becalmed, by which, with other delays, ſhe fears they will loſe their paſſage to Madras—and be ſome months ſooner for it at Bombay. —Heaven protect her, for ſhe ſuffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.— She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J—— in her laſt packet.— In truth, my good lady, ſhe loves and honours you from her heart; but, if ſhe did not, I ſhould not eſteem her, or wiſh her ſo well as I do. ——Adieu, my dear friends—you

have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have juſt received, as a preſent from a man I ſhall ever love, a moſt elegant gold ſnuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris—'tis not the firſt pledge I have received of his friendſhip.—May I preſume to incloſe you a letter of chit-chat which I ſhall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourſelf, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India—they will neither of them be the worſe received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their deſtined port as they go firſt to Bengal.

LETTER CVI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Coxwould, Auguſt 24, 1767.

I AM truly ſurpriſed, my dear Lydia, that my laſt letter has not reached thy mother, and thyſelf—it looks moſt unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that ſhe has not received my letter to welcome you both—and though in that I ſaid I wiſhed you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I ſhould have publiſhed my ſentimental work, and ſhould be in town to receive you—yet I will ſhew you more real politeſſes than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart.—I am ſorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.—I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be

called admirable—that would be but ſo ſo here—You are right—he ſtudies nature more than any, or rather moſt of the French comedians—If the Empreſs of Ruſſia pays him and his wife a penſion of twenty thouſand livres a year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of ſtaying till after twelve for ſupper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat!—"his conſcience would not let it be ſerved before."—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being Engliſh, could not be ſatisfied without it.—I would have given, not my gown and caſſock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have ſeen the *petits maîtres et maîtreſſes* go to maſs, after having ſpent the night in dancing.—As to my pleaſures, they are few in compaſs.—My poor cat ſits purring beſide me—your lively French dog ſhall have his place on the other ſide of my fire—but if he is as deviliſh as when I laſt ſaw him, I muſt tutor him, for I will not have my cat abuſed—in ſhort, I will have nothing deviliſh

about me—a combuſtion will ſpoil a ſentimental thought.

Another thing I muſt deſire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you ſet out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as —— —— did her ſilver ſeringue or gliſter equipage which ſhe loſt in a certain river—but take a wiſe reſolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a ſpitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute ******* came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear—Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fiſh have you brought yourſelf to, Mr. S——! In a faint voice, I bad him leave me, for comfort ſure was never adminiſtered in ſo rough a manner.—Tell your mother, I hope ſhe will purchaſe what either of you may want at Paris—'tis an occaſion not to be loſt—ſo write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my poſt-chaiſe with my long-tailed horſes—and

the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu, dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever ſhall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I ſhall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—once more adieu.

LETTER CVII.

TO SIR W.

MY DEAR SIR, September 19, 1767.

YOU are perhaps the drolleſt being in the univerſe—Why do you banter me ſo about what I wrote to you?—Tho' I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the ſea) was you to infer from that, that I leaped into the ladies beds afterwards?—The body guides you—the mind me.—I have

wrote the moſt whimſical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talked of body and ſoul too—I ſaid ſhe had made me vain, by ſaying ſhe was mine more than ever woman was—but ſhe is not the lady of Bond-ſtreet, nor ——— ſquare, nor the lady who ſupp'd with me in Bond-ſtreet on ſcollop'd oyſters, and other ſuch things—nor did ſhe ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill.——Enough of ſuch nonſenſe—The paſt is over—and I can juſtify myſelf unto myſelf—can you do as much?—No, 'faith!—"You can feel!" Aye, ſo can my cat, when he hears a female cater-wauling on the houſe-top—but cater-wauling diſguſts me. I had rather raiſe a gentle flame, than have a different one raiſed in me.—Now I take heaven to witneſs, after all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent—and the ſporting of my pen is equal, juſt equal, to what I did in my boyiſh days, when I got aſtride of a ſtick, and gallop'd away—The truth is this—that my pen governs me—not me my pen.—You

are much to blame if you dig for marle, unleſs you are ſure of it. I was once ſuch a puppy myſelf, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. Curſe on farming (ſaid I) I will try if the pen will not ſucceed better than the ſpade. The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me loſe my temper, and a cart load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

In all your operations may your own good ſenſe guide you—bought experience is the devil.—Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

YOU are arrived as Scarborough when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and ſo there is nothing more to be ſaid on the matter—You wiſh me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finiſhed—beſides, I have other things in my head.—My wife will be here in three or four days, and I muſt not be found ſtraying in the wilderneſs—but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh, and drink my barley-water with you. As ſoon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a houſe at York, I ſhall go to London, where you generally are in Spring—and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare ſay, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and

that that heart is not of the worſt of moulds—praiſed be God for my ſenſibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleaſures the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir,

Ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, York, October 1, 1767.

I HAVE ordered my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd—ſhe is in raptures with all your civilities.—This is to give you notice to draw upon your correſpondent—and Becket will deduct out of my publication.—

To-morrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia ſeems tranſported with the ſight of me.—Nature, dear P——, breathes in all her compoſition; and except a little vivacity—which is a fault in the world we live in—I am fully content with her mother's care of her.—Pardon this digreſſion from buſineſs—but 'tis natural to ſpeak of thoſe we love.—As to the ſubſcriptions which your friendſhip has procured me, I muſt have them to incorporate with my liſts which are to be prefix'd to the firſt volume.—My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks—they will leave me the 1ſt of December.——Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours, moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, October 3, 1767.

I HAVE ſuffered under a ſtrong deſire for above this fortnight, to ſend a letter of enquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J———; and I do aſſure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modeſty in my temper not to make my good-will troubleſome, where I have ſo much, and to thoſe I never think of, but with ideas of ſenſibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd. —Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the firſt ſtep I made to Gerrard-ſtreet!—My mind and body muſt be at ſad variance with each other, ſhould it ever fall out that it is not both the firſt and laſt place alſo where I ſhall betake myſelf, were it only to ſay, "God bleſs you"—May you have every bleſſing he can ſend you! 'tis a

part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilſt I have a tongue to repeat it—And ſo you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reaſons aſſign'd for it—I thank you for it kindly—tho' you have not told me what they were; being a ſhrewd divine, I think I can gueſs.—I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hoſpitably entertained by one of the beſt of our Biſhops; who, as he kept houſe there, preſs'd me to be with him——and his houſehold conſiſted of a gentleman, and two ladies,—which, with the good Biſhop and myſelf, made ſo good a party that we kept much to ourſelves.—I made in this time a connection of great friendſhip with my mitred hoſt, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland.—However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted——. Now it was ſuppoſed (and have ſince heard) that I e'en went on with the party

to London, and this I ſuppoſe was the reaſon aſſign'd for my being there.—I dare ſay charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the ſcore of one, and perhaps both of the ladies—and I will excuſe charity on that head, for a heart diſengaged could not well have done better.—I have been hard writing ever ſince—and hope by Chriſtmas I ſhall be able to give a gentle rap at your door—and tell you how happy I am to ſee my two good friends.—I aſſure you I ſpur on my Pegaſus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finiſhed this Sentimental Journey—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a ſmall (but a very honeſt) teſtimony of the conſtant truth with which I am,

My dear friends,

Your ever obliged

And grateful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here laſt night from France.—My girl has return'd an elegant accompliſhed little ſlut—my wife——but I hate to praiſe my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praiſe my daughter.—I ſuppoſe they will return next ſummer to France.——They leave me in a month to reſide at York for the winter —and I ſtay at Coxwould till the firſt of January.

LETTER CXI.

TO MRS. F——.

DEAR MADAM, Coxwould, Friday.

I RETURN you a thouſand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me—I got down laſt ſummer very much worn out—and much worſe at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's houſe (the Archbiſhop of York) to refreſh myſelf a couple of days upon the road near Doncaſter—Since I got home to quietneſs, and tem-

perance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very ſtout—and in a fortnight's time ſhall perhaps be as well as you yourſelf could wiſh me.—I have the pleaſure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France——I ſhall be in town to greet my friends by the firſt of January.—Adieu, dear madam—Believe me

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXII.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, October 12, 1767.

EVER ſince my dear H. wrote me word ſhe was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together.—People think that I have had many, ſome in body, ſome in mind; but as I told

you before, you have had me more than any woman—therefore you muſt have had me, H——, both in mind, and in body.——Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when—it could not be the lady in Bond-ſtreet, or Groſvenor-ſtreet, or ——— Square, or Pall-mall.—We ſhall make it out, H. when we meet—I impatiently long for it——'tis no matter—I cannot now ſtand writing to you to-day—I will make it up next poſt—for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F—— ſtay, he will not frank this.——How do you do? Which parts of Triſtram do you like beſt?—God bleſs you.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troubleſome in writing ſomething betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age ſince I have heard a ſyllable of.——I think ſo, however, and never more felt the want of a houſe I eſteem ſo much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it ſo ſeldom—and have nothing to recompenſe my deſires of ſeeing its kind poſſeſſors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Chriſtmas.—I long ſadly to ſee you—and my friend Mr. J——. I am ſtill at Coxwould—my wife and girl * here.—She is a dear good creature

* Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be neceſſary for publiſhing this Letter—the beſt ſhe can offer is—that it was written by a fond parent

—affectionate, and moſt elegant in body and mind—ſhe is all heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other bleſſings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and this dear part of me muſt be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who ſeems inclined to eſtabliſh her in France, where ſhe has had many advantageous offers.—Do not ſmile at my weakneſs, when I ſay I don't wonder at it, for ſhe is as accompliſh'd a ſlut as France can produce.—You ſhall excuſe all this—if you won't, I deſire Mr. J——— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleaſure ſhall I embrace your dear little pledge—whom I hope to ſee every hour increaſing in ſtature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiſs all your hands with a moſt devout and friendly heart.——No man can wiſh you more good than your

(whoſe commendation ſhe is proud of) to a very ſincere friend.

meagre friend does—few ſo much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honeſt affection,

My dear Mrs. J———,

Your ever faithful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will pleaſe Mrs. J———, and my Lydia—I can anſwer for thoſe two. It is a ſubject which works well, and ſuits the frame of mind I have been in for ſome time paſt—I told you my deſign in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—ſo it runs moſt upon thoſe gentler paſſions and affections, which aid ſo much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J——— continue examples of the doctrine I teach!

LETTER CXIV.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, Nov. 15, 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H———, and execute theſe commiſſions well—and when I ſee you I will give you a kiſs—there's for you!—But I have ſomething elſe for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which ſhall make you cry as much as it has affected me—or I will give up the buſineſs of ſentimental writing—and write to the body—that is, H. what I am doing in writing to you—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a ſcore mean ſouls.—

I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

LETTER CXV.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, November 19, 1767.

You make yourſelf unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills—which you might ſhun inſtead of putting yourſelf in the way of.—Would not any man in his ſenſes fly from the object he adores, and not waſte his time and his health in increaſing his miſery by ſo vain a purſuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thouſand.—The Duke of —— has long ſighed in vain—and can you ſuppoſe a woman will liſten to you that is proof againſt titles, ſtars, and red ribands?—Her heart (believe me, L——e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine ſpeeches—if it ſhould ever feel a preference, it will chooſe an object for itſelf, and it muſt be a ſingular character that can make an impreſſion on ſuch a being—ſhe has a

platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reſerve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a ſuperiority of underſtanding, which makes her deſpiſe every man that turns himſelf into a fool—Take my advice, and pay your addreſſes to Miſs ———; ſhe eſteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken ſo deep a root in your heart.——I pity you from my ſoul—but we are all born with paſſions which ebb and flow (elſe they would play the devil with us) to different objects—and the beſt advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.—I know not whether I ſhall write again while I ſtay at Coxwould.—I am in earneſt at my ſentimental work—and intend being in town ſoon after Chriſtmas—in the mean time adieu.—Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L.

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE EARL OF ———.

Coxwould, November 28, 1767.

MY LORD,

'TIS with the greateſt pleaſure I take my pen to thank your Lordſhip for your letter of enquiry about Yorick—he has worn out both his ſpirits and body with the Sentimental Journey—'tis true that an author muſt feel himſelf, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—I believe the brain ſtands as much in need of recruiting as the body—therefore I ſhall ſet out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myſelf a week at York. I might indeed ſolace myſelf with my wife (who is come from France), but in fact I have long been a ſentimental being — whatever your Lordſhip may think to the contrary.

The world has imagined, becauſe I wrote Triſtram Shandy, that I was myſelf more Shandean than I really ever was—'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas each one frames in his head.———A very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough—I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon*—all the females were very inquiſitive to know who ſhe was—" Do not tell, ladies, 'tis a miſtreſs my wife has recommended to me—nay moreover has ſent her from France."——

I hope my book will pleaſe you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaſte book, mercy on them that read it, for they muſt have warm imaginations indeed!—Can your Lordſhip forgive my not making this

a longer epiſtle?——In ſhort, I can but add this, which you already know —that I am with gratitude and friendſhip,

My Lord,

Your obedient faithful,

L. STERNE.

If your Lordſhip is in town in Spring, I ſhould be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-ſtreet—you would eſteem the huſband, and honour the wife—ſhe is the reverſe of moſt of her ſex —they have various purſuits—ſhe but one—that of pleaſing her huſband.—

LETTER CXVII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR G. M.

Coxwould, December 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOR tho' you are his Excellency, and I ſtill but parſon Yorick—I ſtill muſt call you ſo—and were you to be next Emperor of Ruſſia, I could not write to you, or ſpeak of you, under any other relation—I felicitate you, I don't ſay how much, becauſe I can't—I always had ſomething like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are ſo happily advanced—it was not only my wiſhes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impoſe upon a viſionary brain, but I thought I actually ſaw you juſt where you now are—and that is juſt, my dear Macartney, where you ſhould be.—I ſhould long, long ago have acknowledged the kindneſs

of a letter of yours from Peterſbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the firſt time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you—how they will find you, I know well—that is—the ſame I ever knew you. In three weeks I ſhall kiſs your hand.—and ſooner, if I can finiſh my Sentimental Journey.—The deuce take all ſentiments! I wiſh there was not one in the world!—My wife is come to pay me a ſentimental viſit as far as from Avignon—and the *politeſſe* ariſing from ſuch a proof of her urbanity has robbed me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to lye-in; being at Chriſtmas at my full reckoning—and unleſs what I ſhall bring forth is not *preſs'd* to death by theſe devils of printers, I ſhall have the honour of preſenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaſte brain conceived—they are frolickſome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would

take it not well if I did not make myſelf happy with it. Adieu, my dear friend.

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you ſee Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L. Coxwould, December 7, 1767.

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to ſo intereſting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ———'s promiſes—he will take care of you in the beſt manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you uſeful in any department—If his Lordſhip's ſcheme does not ſucceed, leave the kingdom—go to the eaſt, or the weſt, for travelling would be of infinite ſervice to

both your body and mind—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs.——I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryſhip—the country alſo is ſweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have conſulted with you, and my other friends.—I have great offers too in Ireland—the biſhops of C—— and R—— are both my friends—but I have rejected every propoſal, unleſs Mrs. S—— and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the ſake of my girl, and with her ſweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up faſt the hill of preferment, if I choſe it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would ſit uneaſy upon my brow.—Mrs. S——'s health is inſupportable in England.—She muſt return to France, and juſtice and humanity forbid me to oppoſe it.—I will allow her enough to

live comfortably, until ſhe can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L—e, when I think of parting with my child——'twill be like the ſeparation of ſoul and body —and equal to nothing but what paſſes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one reſpect, for ſhe will be in one kingdom, whilſt I am in another.—You will laugh at my weakneſs—but I cannot help it—for ſhe is a dear diſintereſted girl—As a proof of it—when ſhe left Coxwould, and I bad her adieu, I pulled out my purſe and offered her ten guineas for her private pleaſures—her anſwer was pretty, and affected me too much: "No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have ſtraitened you—I would rather put an hundred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of it."—I burſt into tears —but why do I practiſe on your feelings —by dwelling on a ſubject that will touch your heart?—It is too much melted already by its own ſufferings, L—e, for me to add a pang, or cauſe a ſingle ſigh.—God bleſs you—I ſhall hope to

greet you by New-year's-day in perfect health—Adieu, my dear friend—I am moſt truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIX.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

[December 1767].

LITERAS veſtras lepidiſſimas, mi conſobrine, conſobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; ſed poſta non rediebat verſus Aquilonem eo die, aliter ſcripſiſſem prout deſiderabas. Neſcio quid eſt materia cum me, ſed ſum fatigatus & ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam—& ſum poſſeſſus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem—& tu es poſſeſſus cum eodem malo ſpiritu qui te tenet in deſerto eſſe tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tuâ—crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod iſthæc non eſt via ad ſalutem ſive hodiernam, ſive eternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecu-

niâ, quæ, ut ait Sanctus Paulus, eſt radix omnium malorum, & non ſatis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Caſtello Infirmo, ſum jam quadraginta & plus annos natus, & explevi octavum meum luſtrum, et tempus eſt me curare, & meipſum Antonium facere hominem felicem & liberum, et mihimet ipſi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quòd nihil eſt melius in hâc vitâ, quàm quòd homo vivat feſtivè, & quòd edat et bibat, & bono fruatur, quia hoc eſt ſua portio & dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te ſcire vellemus, quòd non debeo eſſe reprehendi pro feſtinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus eſt teſtis, quòd non propero præ gloria, & pro me oſtendere; nam diabolus iſte qui me intravit, non eſt diabolus vanus, at conſobrinus ſuus Lucifer—ſed eſt diabolus amabundus, qui non vult ſinere me eſſe ſolum; nam cùm non cumbendo cum uxore meâ, ſum mentulatior quàm par eſt—& ſum mortaliter in amore—& ſum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excuſabis, quoniam tu fuiſti in

amore, & per mare & per terras iviſti & feſtinâſti ſicut diabolus eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te ſcribere—ſed ſcribo hanc epiſtolam in domo coffeatariâ & plenâ ſociorum ſtrepitoſorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis reſpondebo—ſaluta amicos in domo Giſbroſenſi, & oro, credas me vinculo conſobrinitatis & amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctiſſimum,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

York, December 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little bloſſom, was drooping—or that ſome of you were ill, by not having the pleaſure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing

again to enquire after you all——when I was caſt down myſelf with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks—when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I moſt cordially now do—as well as for all your profeſſions and proofs of good-will to me.—I will not ſay I have not balanced accounts with you in this—All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth—and that I could not wiſh your happineſs, and the ſucceſs of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother—but good God! are we not all brothers and ſiſters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illneſs has been a ſort of ſympathy for your afflictions upon the ſcore of your dear little one.—I am worn down to a ſhadow; but, as my fever has left me, I ſet off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town—I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-

ſtreet, I ſhall do myſelf the honour to viſit them, before either Lord ——— or Lord ———, &c. &c.—I thank you, my dear friend, for what you ſay ſo kindly about my daughter—it ſhews your good heart, for as ſhe is a ſtranger, 'tis a free gift in you—but when ſhe is known to you, ſhe ſhall win it fairly—but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. Mrs. S— has hired a houſe ready furniſhed at York, till ſhe returns to France, and my Lydia muſt not leave her.

What a ſad ſcratch of a letter!—but I am weak my dear friends, both in body and mind—ſo God bleſs you—you will ſee me enter like a ghoſt—ſo I tell you before-hand not to be frightened.—I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt attachment and eſteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Old Bond-ſtreet, January 1 [1768].

NOT knowing whether the moiſture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard-ſtreet a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to ſend them all the good wiſhes, compliments, and reſpects I owe them. —I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the beſt.—I ſend all compliments to your fire-ſides this Sunday night—Miſs Aſcough the wiſe, Miſs Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and ſo on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will preſent the incloſed to him ——'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am ſorry that I am no ſubſcriber to Soho this ſeaſon—it deprives me of a pleaſure worth

twice the ſubſcription——but I am juſt going to ſend about this quarter of the town, to ſee if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undiſpoſed of, from ſome of my Soho friends; and if I can ſucceed, I will either ſend or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three tomorrow—if not, my friend will do me the juſtice to believe me truly miſerable.—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get diſengaged in order to be with my friends.—If I cannot, I will glide like a ſhadow uninvited to Gerrard-ſtreet ſome day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bleſs you both! I am with the moſt ſincere regard,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Old Bond-ſtreet, Monday.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I HAVE never been a moment at reſt ſince I wrote yeſterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one—have been upon one knee to my friends Sir G—— M———, Mr. Laſcelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice——without mentioning five more——I believe I could as ſoon get you a place at court, for every body is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my ſupplications.—I ſend you this ſtate of the affair, leſt my ſilence ſhould make you think I had neglected what I promiſed—but no—Mrs. J—— knows me better, and

would never ſuppoſe it would be out of the head of one who is with ſo much truth

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Thurſday, Old Bond-ſtreet.

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuſes, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a ſecond note I am aſtoniſhed I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any miſtake in a card wrote by Mrs. J——s, in which my friend is as unrivalled, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or moſt joyfully would have trod the old pleaſing road from Bond to

Gerrard-ſtreet.—My books will be to be had on Thurſday, but poſſibly on Wedneſday in the afternoon.—I am quite well, but exhauſted with a room full of company every morning till dinner—How do I lament I cannot eat my morſel (which is always ſweet) with ſuch kind friends!—The Sunday following I will aſſuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day-light, to ſee Mrs. J———'s picture.—I beg leave to aſſure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my ſentimental thanks for every token of their good will.—Adieu, my dear friends—

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIV.

FROM DR. EUSTACE, IN AMERICA, TO THE REV. MR. STERNE, WITH A WALKING-STICK.

SIR,

WHEN I aſſure you that I am a great admirer of Triſtram Shandy, and have, ever ſince his introduction into the world, been one of his moſt zealous defenders againſt the repeated aſſaults of prejudice and miſapprehenſion, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intruſion.

You know it is an obſervation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a ſimilitude of ſentiments is the general parent of friendſhip.—It cannot be wondered at, that I ſhould conceive an eſteem for a perſon whom nature had moſt indulgently enabled to friſk and curvet with eaſe through all theſe intri-

cacies of ſentiments, which, from irreſiſtible propenſity, ſhe had impelled me to trudge through without merit or diſtinction.

The only reaſon that gave riſe to this addreſs to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean ſtatuary, I mean, according to vulgar opinion, for to ſuch judges both appear equally deſtitute of regularity or deſign.—It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and preſented to the late Governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its ſingularity made many deſirous of procuring it; but I had reſolved at firſt not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation, as a button-hole, or a broomſtick.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER CXXV.

MR. STERNE'S ANSWER.

SIR, London, Feb. 9, 1768.

I THIS moment received your obliging letter, and Shandean piece of ſculpture along with it, of both which teſtimonies of your regard I have the juſteſt ſenſe, and return you, dear Sir, my beſt thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking-ſtick is in no ſenſe more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that, in uſing the ſtick, every one will take the handle which ſuits his convenience. In Triſtram Shandy, the handle is taken which ſuits the paſſions, their ignorance, or their ſenſibility. There is ſo little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wiſh I could have got an act of parliament, when the books firſt appeared, that none but wiſe men ſhould look into

them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to underſtand them; the world, however ſeems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its ſide; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a ſecond reading. The other, in order to be on the ſtrongeſt ſide, has at length agreed to ſpeak well of it too. A few hypocrites and Tartuffes, whoſe approbation could do it nothing but diſhonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my ſide from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taſte humour, however he may wiſh it; it is the gift of God; and, beſides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correſpond with thoſe excited. —'Tis like reading himſelf—and not the book.

In a week's time I ſhall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ſhip ſails three days too ſoon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleaſure of preſenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true eſteem,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO L. S—N, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Old Bond-ſtreet, Wedneſday.

YOUR commendations are very flattering. I know on one whoſe judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only inſtance in which I can call it in queſtion. —Thanks, my good Sir, for the prints —I am much your debtor for them—

if I recover from my ill ſtate of health, and live to reviſit Coxwould this ſummer, I will decorate my ſtudy with them, along with ſix beautiful pictures I have already of the ſculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.—It grieves one to think ſuch a man ſhould have died in exile, who wrote ſo well on the art of love.—Do not think me encroaching if I ſolicit a favour—'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg if you pleaſe) ſome of thoſe touched with chalk which you brought from Italy—I believe you have three ſets, and if you can ſpare the imperfect one of cattle on coloured paper, 'twill anſwer my purpoſe, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours. —You may be ignorant ſhe has a genius for drawing, and whatever ſhe excels in ſhe conceals, and her humility adds luſtre to her accompliſhments—I preſented her laſt year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her ſeveral leſſons before I left town.—I wiſh her to follow

this art, to be a complete miſtreſs of it—and it is ſingular enough, but not more ſingular than true, that ſhe does not know how to make a cow or a ſheep, though ſhe draws figures and landſcapes perfectly well; which makes me wiſh her to copy from good prints, ——If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you—I breakfaſt with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O——; ſo let our meeting be either at your houſe or my lodgings—do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to ſee a picture executed by Weſt, moſt admirably—he has caught the character of our friend—ſuch goodneſs is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the ſoul be ever ſo much unharmonized, it is impoſſible it ſhould remain ſo.——I will ſend you a ſet of my books—they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and

Triſtram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear Sir—I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

February 20, Old Bond-ſtreet.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

MY Sentimental Journey, you ſay, is admired in York by every one —and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no leſs admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occaſion?—The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breaſt—this vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I ſhall get the better of it——and ſhall be with you both the firſt of May; and if I eſcape, 'twill not be for a long pe-

riod, my child—unleſs a quiet retreat and peace of mind can reſtore me.—The ſubject of thy letter has aſtoniſhed me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the ſuppoſition I ſhould ſurvive thy mother, I ſhould bequeath thee as a legacy to ——. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whoſe virtues I wiſh thee to imitate, that I ſhall entruſt my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have ſo often talked and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a ſincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring ſome part of the milk of human kindneſs into your breaſt, which will ſerve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a ſmall degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful neceſſity to fly to India for protection, whilſt it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Ly-

dia, that thy mother will ſurvive me —do not deject her ſpirits with thy apprehenſions on my account. I have ſent you a necklace, buckles, and the ſame to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wiſh that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in juſtice be leſs kind to thy mother.—I am never alone ——The kindneſs of my friends is ever the ſame—I wiſh tho' I had thee to nurſe me; but I am denied that.—Write to me twice a week, at leaſt.—God bleſs thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever, thy

Affectionate father,

L. S.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MRS. J———.

Tueſday.

YOUR poor friend is ſcarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy—I was bled three times on Thurſday, and bliſtered on Friday—The phyſician ſays I am better—God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly wrong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength.—Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J———. was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he overjoyed me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J———, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours to live—I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe—that I ſhall beg of

you, if in this wreſtling I come off conqueror—my ſpirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to ſhed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.—Deareſt, kindeſt, gentleſt and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your handmaids!—If I die, cheriſh the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemn'd—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if ſhe is left parentleſs) take her to your boſom?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for ſuch a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago*, and told her what I truſt ſhe will find in you.—Mr. J—— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword which he has

* From this circumſtance it may be conjectured, that this Letter was written on Tueſday the 8th of March 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu—All grateful thanks to you and Mr. J———,

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO **********.

——I BEHELD her tender look—her pathetic eye petrified my fluids—the liquid diſſolution drowned thoſe once-bright orbs—the late ſympathetic features, ſo pleaſing in their harmony, are now blaſted—withered—and are dead;—her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity.—Yes—my friend—our once ſprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very ob-

ject that muſt thrill your ſoul.—How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cauſe —the fatal cauſe of overwhelming the ſpotleſs ſoul, aud plunging the yet-untainted mind into a ſea of ſorrow and repentance—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon?—firſt alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—when villany gets the aſcendancy, it ſeldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him ———T*******, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep-laid ſcheme, ſo far ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of the old man—that even he, with all his penetration and experience (of which old folks generally pique themſelves), could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodneſs of his own heart, believed him honourable: —had I known his pretenſions—I would have flown on the wings of friendſhip—of regard—of affection—

and reſcued the lovely innocent from the hands of the ſpoiler:—be not alarmed at my declaration—I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection; but it is of a more delicate ſtamp than the groſs materials nature has planted in us for procreation—I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her ſtill:—I would love the whole ſex were they equally deſerving.

—— ——— taking her by the hand—the other thrown round her waiſt—after an intimacy allowing ſuch freedoms—with a look deceitfully pleaſing, the villain poured out a torrent of proteſtations—and though oaths are ſacred—ſwore with all the fortitude of a conſcientious man—the depth of his love—the height of his eſteem—the ſtrength of his attachment;—by theſe, and other artful means to anſwer his abandoned purpoſe (for which you know he is but too well qualified)—gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of

her brighteſt jewel.—Oh, England! where are your ſenators?—where are your laws?—Ye Heavens! where reſts your deadly thunder?—why are your bolts reſtrained from overwhelming with vengeance this vile ſeducer?——I,—my friend, I, was the miniſter ſent by juſtice to revenge her wrongs—revenge—I diſclaim it—to redreſs her wrongs.—The news of affliction flies—I heard it, and poſted to ****, where, forgetting my character—this is the ſtyle of the enthuſiaſt—it moſt became my character—I ſaw him in his retreat—I flew out of the chaiſe—caught him by the collar—and in a tumult of paſſion—demanded—ſure, if anger is excuſable, it muſt be when it is excited by a deteſtation of vice—I demanded him to reſtore—alas! what was not in his power to return.—Vengeance!—and ſhall theſe vermin—theſe ſpoilers of the fair—theſe murderers of the mind—lurk and creep about in dens, ſecure to themſelves, and pillage

all around them?—Diſtracted with my rage—I charged him with his crime—exploded his baſeneſs—condemned his villany—while coward guilt ſat on his ſullen brow, and, like a criminal conſcious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear.—He hoped means might be found for a ſufficient atonement—offered a tender of his hand as a ſatisfaction, and a life devoted to her ſervice as a recompenſe for his error.—His humiliation ſtruck me—'twas the only means he could have contrived to aſſuage my anger.——I heſitated—pauſed—thought—and ſtill muſt think on ſo important a concern:—aſſiſt me—I am half afraid of truſting my Harriot in the hands of a man, whoſe character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's—He all fire and diſſipation;—ſhe all meekneſs and ſentiment!—nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation:—the offer proceeds more from ſurpriſe or fear, than juſtice and ſincerity.—The world—the

world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a caſt-off from ſociety—Let her—I had rather ſee her thus, than miſerably linked for life to a lump of vice—She ſhall retire to ſome corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in ſorrow—forgetting the wretch who has abuſed her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who conſoles her in retirement.—You, my dear Charles, ſhall bear a part with me in the delightful taſk of whiſpering "peace to thoſe who are in trouble, and healing the broken in ſpirit."

Adieu.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendſhip has laid upon me, and if it ſhould never be in my power to make you a recompenſe, I hope you will be recompenſed at the "re-"ſurrection of the juſt."—I hope, Sir, we ſhall both be found in that catalogue;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even "againſt hope."—I think there is, et leaſt, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the "haven where we would be," as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife.—There is not any perſon living or dead, whom I have ſo ſtrong a deſire to ſee and converſe with as yourſelf:—indeed I have no inclination to viſit, or ſay a ſylla-

ble to but a few perſons in this lower vale of vanity and tears beſide you;—but I often derive a peculiar ſatisfaction in converſing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and ſpeak excellently in their works.—My neighbours think me *often alone*,—and yet at ſuch times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes—each of whom, at my pleaſure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb ſigns—quite as intelligibly as any perſon living can do by *uttering* of words.—They always keep the diſtance from me which I direct,—and with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I pleaſe.—I lay hands on fifty of them ſometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like:—they never complain of ill-uſage,—and when diſmiſſed from my preſence,—though ever ſo abruptly—take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed—nor ſuch liberty to be taken—with the living:—we are bound—in

point of good-manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and diſpenſe with all the nonſenſe or impertinence which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently oppoſing their ſentiments without exciting their diſguſt, and being in danger of their ſplenetic repreſentation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many* —who though quick of hearing—are ſo "ſlow of heart to believe"—propoſitions which are next to ſelf-evident; —you and I were not caſt in *one mould*,—corporal compariſon will atteſt it, and yet we are faſhioned ſo much alike, that we may paſs for twins:—were it poſſible to take an inventory of all our ſentiments and feelings—juſt and unjuſt—holy and impure—there would appear as little difference between them as there is between inſtinct and reaſon,—or—wit

and madneſs: the barriers which ſeparate theſe—like the real eſſence of bodies—eſcape the piercing eye of metaphyſics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a ſtrait line, which is ſaid to have length without breadth.——O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to inſtruct other aggregates! be as candid as the ſage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

————I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different ſubjects—my mountain will be in labour till I ſee you—and then—what then?—why you muſt expect to ſee it bring forth—a mouſe.—I therefore beſeech you to have a watchful eye to the cats!—but it is ſaid that mice were deſigned to be killed by cats—cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c.—This may be true—and I think I am made to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me; what, in the name of

ſound lungs, has my cough to do with you—or—you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the moſt perfect affection and eſteem,

Your humble Servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO ****.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, ſet me upon looking gravely for half a day together: ſometimes I concluded you had not ſpoke out, but had ſtronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good-nature knew how to tell me, eſpecially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the

ſolemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon Death had been a more ſuitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been ſet on by me. Mr. F—, whom I regard in the claſs I do you, as my beſt of critics and well-wiſhers, preaches daily to me on the ſame text: "Get your preferment firſt, Lory," he ſays, "and then write and welcome." But ſuppoſe preferment is long a-coming—and for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the reſurrection of the juſt—and am all that time in labour, how muſt I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or, rather, like able philoſophers, knowing that one paſſion is only to be combated with another? But to be ſerious (if I can), I will uſe all reaſonable caution,—only with this caution along with it, not to ſpoil my book, that is, the air and originality of it, which muſt reſemble the author; and I fear it is the number of theſe ſlighter touches, which make the reſemblance, and identify it from all

others of the ſame ſtamp, which this under-ſtrapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to ſtrike out.—A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Triſtram, made anſwer, upon my ſaying I would conſider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat.—Still I promiſe to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due diſtance from Rabelais; I keep a due diſtance from him. Swift has ſaid a hundred things I durſt not ſay, unleſs I was dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, "ambitioſa recides ornamenta." As I reviſe my book, I will ſhrive my conſcience upon that ſin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind ſhall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is juſtly cenſured for being "ingenii ſui amator;" and it is a reaſonable hint to me, as I'm not ſure I am clear of it. To ſport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is ſurfeiting; like

toying with a man's miſtreſs, it may be very delightful ſolacement to the inamorato, but little to the by-ſtander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime, if my readers knew how much I have ſuppreſſed of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have publiſhed, on that very account, ſince I began to avoid the fault, I fear, I may yet have given proofs of.—I will reconſider Slop's fall, and my too minute deſcription of it; but, in general, I am perſuaded that the happineſs of the Cervantic humour ariſes from this very thing,—of deſcribing ſilly and trifling events with the circumſtantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can eaſe it.—I have a project of getting Triſtram put into the hands of the Archbiſhop, if he comes down this autumn, which will eaſe my mind of all trouble upon the topic of diſcretion.

I am, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXII.

TO MR. B.

SIR, Exeter, July 1775.

THIS was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *ſouſed*.—He drew it up in a few moments without ſtopping his pen. I ſhould be glad to ſee it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you ſhould have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a miſapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writing lies in the moſt happy choice of metaphors and alluſions—ſuch as ſhewed his philoſophic judgment, at the ſame time that they diſplay his wit and genius—but it is not for me to comment on, or correct ſo great an original. I ſhould have ſent this fragment as ſoon as I ſaw Mrs. Medalle's advertiſement, had

I not been at a diſtance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this poſthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amuſement and inſtruction, than,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No—not one farthing would I give for ſuch a coat in wet weather, or dry—If the ſun ſhines you are ſure of being melted, becauſe it cloſes ſo tight about one—if it rains it is no more a defence than a cobweb—a very ſieve, o' my conſcience! that lets through every drop, and like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with diſappointment, and makes you curſe the impoſtor, when it is too late to avail one's ſelf of the diſcovery. Had I been wiſe I ſhould have examined the claim the coat had to the

title of "defender of the body"—before I had truſted my body in it—I ſhould have held it up to the light, like other ſuſpicious matters, to have ſeen how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out—whether it was no more than ſuch a frail, flimſy, contexture of fleſh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and ſafely diſpenſed with in ſo ſhort a journey—taking into my account the chance of ſpreading trees—thick hedges o'erhanging the road—with twenty other coverts that a man my thruſt his head under—if he is not violently puſhed on by that d—d ſtimulus—you know where—that will not let a man ſit ſtill in one place for half a minute together—but like a young nettleſome tit is eternally on the fret, and is for puſhing on ſtill farther—or if the poor ſcared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gyves and a halter dangling before his eyes—now in either caſe he has not a

minute to throw away in ſtanding ſtill, but like King Lear muſt brave "the peltings of a pitileſs ſtorm," and give Heaven leave to "rumble its belly-full —ſpit fire—or ſpout rain"—as ſpitefully as it pleaſeth, without finding the inclination or the reſolution to ſlacken his pace, leſt ſomething ſhould be loſt that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of—Now had I acted with as much prudence as ſome other good folks—I could name many of them who have been made b—ps within my remembrance, for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my ſhare—and abſolutely for nothing elſe—as will be ſeen when they are undreſſed another day—Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without leſſening much of the ſize, or injuring in the leaſt the ſhape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a leſs circumference, the ſu-

perb ſweep of any one cloak that any one b—p ever wrapt himſelf up in—I ſhould never have given this coat a place upon my ſhoulders. I ſhould have ſeen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little it would keep in of darkneſs—This a coat for a rainy day? do pray, madam, hold it up to that window —did you ever ſee ſuch an *illuſtrious* coat ſince the day you could diſtinguiſh between a coat and a pair of breeches? —My lady did not underſtand derivatives, and ſo ſhe could not ſee quite through my ſplendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the ſame "darkneſs of exceſſive light." What a flood of it breaks in thro' this rent? what an irradiation beams through that? what twinklings—what ſparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the ſun? Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church—It has not ſerved me for one purpoſe—it will ſerve them for two—This is coarſe ſtuff—of worſe

manufacture than the cloth—put it to its proper uſe, for I love when things ſort and join well—make a philtre * of it—while there is a drop to be extracted—I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or ſuck like it——and that is—neither wool nor flax—make—make any thing of it, but a vile, hypocritical coat for me—for I never can ſay *ſub Jove* (whatever Juno might) that "it is a pleaſure to be wet."

L. STERNE.

* This alluſion is improper. A philtre originally ſignifies a love-potion—and as it is uſed as a noun from the verb *philtrate*—it muſt ſignify a *ſtrainer*, not a *ſucker*—cloth is ſometimes uſed for the purpoſe of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough: but as he drew up this fragment without ſtopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of ſome of his terms.

manufacture than the cloth—put it to its proper use, for I love when things fort and join well—make a philtre * of it—while there is a drop to be extracted—I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or suck like it—and that is—neither wool nor flax—make—make any thing of it, but a vile, hypocritical coat for me—for I never can say *Jam Jour* (whatever Juno might) that "it is a pleasure to be wet."

L. STERNE.

* This allusion is improper. A philtre originally signifies a love potion—and as it is used as a noun from the verb *philtrare*—it must signify a *drainer*, not a *facker*—cloth is sometimes used for the purpose of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough; but as he drew up this fragment without stopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of some of his terms.

THE

FRAGMENT.

THE FRAGMENT.

CHAP I.

Shewing two Things; firſt, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINUS RABELAICUS *is; and ſecondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbiſhop and biſhops, as the *reſt* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongſt us for ſuch a work, was fully bent within himſelf, to ſit down immediately and compoſe a thorough-ſtitched ſyſtem of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly ſetting forth, to the beſt of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpoſe all that is needful to be known and underſtood of

that art?——Of what art? cried PANURGE. Good God! anſwered LONGINUS (making an exclamation, but taking care at the ſame time to moderate his voice), why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, roſtrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems—I will be ſhot, quoth EPISTEMON, if all this ſtory of thine of a roaſted horſe, is ſimply no more than S—— Sauſages! quoth PANURGE. Thou haſt fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, anſwer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons*—which ſaid word (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric —LONGINUS RABELAICUS was foreminded to uſher and lead in his diſſertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford;—and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horſe, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em—And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have

done?—Believe me, dear ſouls, this is half in half—and if ſome ſkilful body would but put us in a way to do this to ſome *tune*—Thou wouldſt not have them *chanted* ſurely? quoth TRIBOULET, laughing.—No, nor *canted* neither! quoth GYMNAST, crying—but what I mean, my friends, ſays LONGINUS RABELAICUS (who is certainly one of the greateſt critics in the weſtern world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever exiſted)—what I mean, ſays he, interrupting them both and reſuming his diſcourſe, is this, that if all the ſcatter'd rules of the KERUKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as PANURGE's head, and the whole *cleanly* digeſted—(pooh, ſays PANURGE, who felt himſelf aggrieved) and bound up, continued LONGINUS, by way of a regular inſtitute, and then put into the hands of every licenſed preacher in Great Britain, and Ireland, juſt before he began to compoſe, I maintain it—I deny it flatly, quoth PANURGE—What? anſwer'd LONGINUS RABELAICUS with all the temper in the world.

CHAP. II.

In which the Reader will begin to form a Judgment, of what an Hiſtorical, Dramatical, Anecdotical, Allegorical, and Comical Kind of a Work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS, who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom), knowing nothing at all of the matter—was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room:—for having fouled two clean ſheets of his own, and being quite ſtuck faſt in the entrance upon his third general *diviſion*, and finding himſelf unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace—"Curſe it," ſays he (thereby excommunicating every mother's ſon who ſhould think differently), "why may not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well as any other human emergency?"—So without any more argumentation, except ſtarting up and nimming down

from the top ſhelf but one, the ſecond volume of CLARK—though without any felonious intention in ſo doing, he had begun to clap me in (making a joint firſt) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row; and becauſe there was a confounded high gallery — was tranſcribing it away like a little devil. —Now—quoth HOMENAS to himſelf, " though I hold all this to be fair and ſquare, yet, if I am found out, there will be the deuce and all to pay."—*Why are the bells ringing backwards, you lad? what is all that crowd about, honeſt man?* HOMENAS *was got upon Doctor* CLARK'*s back, ſir—and what of that, my lad? Why, an pleaſe you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his ſkull, and befouled himſelf into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two ſtories high.* Alas! poor HOMENAS! HOMENAS has done his buſineſs!—HOMENAS will never preach more while breath is in his body.—No, faith, I ſhall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may ſit up whole

winter nights, baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as ſolid as a FATHER of the church——or I may ſit down whole ſummer days, evaporating my ſpirits into the fineſt thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it.—In a word, I may compoſe myſelf off my legs, and preach till I burſt—and when I have done, it will be worſe than if not done at all.—*Pray Mr. Such a-one, who held forth laſt Sunday? Doctor* CLARK, *I trow, ſays one. Pray what Doctor* CLARK? *ſays a ſecond: Why* HOMENAS's *Doctor* CLARK, *quoth a third.* O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your *ſervant*, Mr. HOMENAS, quoth a *fifth.*—'Twill be all over with me, by Heaven—I may as well put the book from whence I took it.—Here HOMENAS burſt into a flood of tears, which falling down helter ſkelter, ding dong, without any kind of intermiſſion for ſix minutes and almoſt twenty-five ſeconds, had a marvellous effect upon his diſcourſe; for the aforeſaid tears, do you mind, did ſo temper the wind that was riſing upon the afore-

ſaid diſcourſe, but falling for the moſt part perpendicularly, and hitting the ſpirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the ſurface of his harangue, they not only played the devil and all with the ſublimity—but moreover the ſaid tears, by their nitrous quality, did ſo refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his ſoul, all the unſavory particles which lay fermenting (as you ſaw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the cooleſt and chaſteſt ſtyle (for a *ſoliloquy* I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard caſe," continued HOMENAS to himſelf—PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room, hearing all along every ſyllable he ſpoke! for you muſt know, that notwithſtanding PANURGE had opened his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round anſwer to LONGINUS RABELAICUS's interrogation, which concluded the laſt chapter—yet HOMENAS's rhetoric

had poured in ſo like a torrent, ſlap-daſh through the wainſcot amongſt them, and happening at that *uncritical* criſis, when PANURGE had juſt put his ugly face into the above-ſaid poſture of defence—that he ſtopt ſhort—he did indeed, and, though his head was full of matter, and he had ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle belonging to it, till all cried *crack* again, in order to give a due projectile force to what he was going to let fly, full in LONGINUS RABELAICUS's teeth, who ſat over againſt him—Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himſelf, for he ſtopt ſhort, I ſay, without uttering one word except Z....ds—Many reaſons may be aſſigned for this, but the moſt true, the moſt ſtrong, the moſt hydroſtatical, and the moſt philoſophical reaſon, why PANURGE did not go on, was—that the fore-mentioned *torrent* did not ſo *drown* his voice that he had none left to go on with.—God help him, poor fellow! ſo he ſtopt ſhort (as I have told you before), and all the time HOMENAS was ſpeaking, he

ſaid not another word, good or bad, but ſtood gaping and ſtaring, like what you pleaſe—ſo that the break, marked thus—which HOMENAS's grief had made in the middle of his diſcourſe, which he could no more help than he could fly—produced no other change in the room where LONGINUS RABELAICUS, EPISTEMON, GYMNAST, TRIBOULET, and nine or ten more honeſt blades had got Kerukopædizing together, but that it gave time to GYMNAST to give PANURGE a good ſquaſhing chuck under his double chin; which PANURGE taking in good part, and juſt as it was meant by GYMNAST, he forthwith ſhut his mouth—and gently ſitting down upon a ſtool, though ſomewhat excentrically and out of neighbour's row, but liſtening, as all the reſt did with might and main, they plainly and diſtinctly heard every ſyllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT;

With which the preſent Poſſeſſor is not content to cover his own Shoulders, unleſs he can cut out of it a Petticoat for his Wife, and a Pair of Breeches for his Son.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT*, &c.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.

SIR,

IN my laſt, for want of ſomething better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have

* As the following piece was ſuppreſſed during the lifetime of Mr. Sterne, and as there are ſome grounds to believe that it was not intended by him for publication, an apology may be deemed neceſſary for inſerting it in the preſent edition of his Works. It muſt be acknowledged, that a mere *jeu d'eſprit* relating to a private diſpute which could intereſt only a few, and which was intended to divert a ſmall circle of friends, was with great propriety concealed while it might tend to revive

had of late in this little village * of ours, about an old caſt pair of black

departed animoſities, or give pain to any of the perſons who were concerned in ſo trifling a conteſt. And theſe conſiderations ſeem to have had weight with thoſe to whom the MS. was intruſted; it not having been made public until many years after it was written, nor until moſt of the gentlemen mentioned in it were dead. After the lapſe of more than twenty years, it may be preſumed that there can be no impropriety in giving one of the earlieſt of Mr. Sterne's *bagatelles* a place among his more important performances. The ſlighteſt ſketches of a genius are too valuable to be neglected; and the preſent edition would be incomplete, if this compoſition, written immediately before Triſtram Shandy, and which may be conſidered as the precurſor of it, was omitted. As the whole of it alludes to facts and circumſtances confined to the city of York, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that it was occaſioned by a controverſy between Dr. Fountayne and Dr. Topham, in the year 1758, on a charge made by the latter, againſt the former, of a breach of promiſe, in withholding from him ſome preferment, which he had reaſon to expect. For the better illuſtration of this little Satire, a few notes are added, from the pamphlets which appeared while this inſignificant difference was agitating.

* York.

pluſh breeches *, which *John* † our pariſh-clerk, about ten years ago, it ſeems, had made a promiſe of to one *Trim* ‡, who is our ſexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occaſions to know a great deal of the ſhifty behaviour of the ſaid maſter *Trim*—and that you are aſtoniſhed, nor can you for your ſoul conceive, how ſo worthleſs a fellow, and ſo worthleſs a thing into the bargain, could become the occaſion of ſo much racket as I have repreſented.——

Now, though you do not ſay expreſsly you could wiſh to hear any more about it, yet I ſee plainly enough I have raiſed your curioſity; and therefore, from the ſame motive that I ſlightly mentioned it at all in my laſt letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumſtantial account of the whole affair.

* The Commiſſaryſhip of Pickering and Pocklington.

† Dr. John Fountayne, Dean of York.

‡ Dr. Topham.

But, before I begin, I muſt firſt ſet you right in one very material point, in which I have miſled you, as to the true cauſe of all this uproar amongſt us—which does not take its riſe, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its riſe from it.—To underſtand which you muſt know, that the firſt beginning of the ſquabble was not betwixt *John* the pariſh-clerk, and *Trim* the ſexton, but betwixt the parſon * of the pariſh and the ſaid maſter *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* †, that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had ſet his heart upon; and nothing would ſerve *Trim*, but he muſt take it home, in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himſelf againſt winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he

* Dr. Hutton, Archbiſhop of York.

† A patent place, in the gift of the Archbiſhop, which had been given to Dr. Topham for his life, and which, in 1758, he ſolicited to have granted to one of his family after his death.

moſt humbly begged his reverence would conſent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have ſo often felt it, that a principle of ſtrong compaſſion tranſports a generous mind ſometimes beyond what is ſtrictly right; —the parſon was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no ſooner did the diſtinct words—*petticoat*—*poor wife*—*warm*—*winter*, ſtrike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and ſoul.—But, *Trim*, ſays he, as you ſee I am but juſt got down to my living, and am an utter ſtranger to all pariſh matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never ſeen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for ſuch a purpoſe, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to beſtow upon you or not—you muſt have a week or ten days patience, till I can

make ſome enquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you repreſent it.

It is neceſſary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parſon was earneſtly bent to ſerve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generoſity, which I have juſtly aſcribed to him, but likewiſe from another motive, and that was by making ſome ſort of recompence for a multitude of ſmall ſervices which *Trim* had occaſionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the houſe) when his own man was out of the way.—For all theſe reaſons together, I ſay, the parſon of the pariſh intended to ſerve *Trim* in this matter to the utmoſt of his power. All that was wanting, was, previouſly to enquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raiſe a clamour in the pariſh. Theſe

enquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart—he knew very well, that, if the parſon ſhould but ſay one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and ſome other reaſons not neceſſary to be told you at preſent, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter—but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-houſe—plagued the whole family to death—preſt his ſuit morning, noon, and night; and, to ſhorten my ſtory, teaſed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill ſtate of health, almoſt out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the ſide of maſter *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the ſide of the parſon, and that was, a ſuſpicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening ſitting alone in his ſtudy, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's ſerious deliberation

upon the affair, and running over *Trim's* behaviour throughout—he was juſt ſaying to himſelf—*it muſt be ſo*—when a ſudden rap at the door put an end to his ſoliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himſelf paſt his fifty-ſecond year, had been returned by the conſtables in the militia liſt—and he had come with a groat in his hand to ſearch the pariſh-regiſter for his age. The parſon bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then ſhutting the ſtudy-door, and taking down the pariſh-regiſter—*who knows*, ſays he, *but I may find ſomething here about this ſelf-ſame watch-coat?* He had ſcarce unclaſped the book, in ſaying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the firſt page, paſted to the inſide of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in queſtion, in theſe expreſs words—*Memorandum.* "The great watch-coat was purchaſed "and given, above two hundred years

" ago, by the lord of the manor to this " pariſh-church, to the ſole uſe and be- " hoof of the poor ſextons thereof, and " their ſucceſſors for ever, to be worn " by them reſpectively in winterly cold " nights in ringing *complines*, *paſſing-bells*, " *&c.* which the ſaid lord of the manor " had done in piety to keep the poor " wretches warm, and for the good of " his own ſoul, for which they were di- " rected to pray, &c." *Juſt Heaven!* ſaid the parſon to himſelf, looking upwards, *what an eſcape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to* Trim's *wife? I would not have conſented to ſuch a deſecration to be Primate of all* England—*nay, I would not have diſturbed a ſingle button of it for all my tythes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole ſubject of the exclamation under both his arms—I ſay under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be

made up, and had juſt ſtepped in, in high ſpirits, to ſhew the parſon how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good ſimilies ſubſiſting in the world, but which I have time neither to recollect or look for, which would give you a ſtrong conception of the aſtoniſhment and honeſt indignation which this unexpected ſtroke of *Trim*'s impudence impreſſed upon the parſon's looks—let it ſuffice to ſay, that it exceeded all fair deſcription—as well as all power of proper reſentment ——except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a ſtern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his buſineſs, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven preciſely.—Againſt this hour, like a wiſe man, the parſon had ſent to deſire *John* the pariſh-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character, as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the townſhip, was a leading man in it; and,

upon the whole, was ſuch a one, of whom it might be ſaid, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him—him he ſends for, with the churchwardens, and one of the ſideſmen, a grave knowing old man, to be preſent—for, as *Trim* had withheld the whole truth from the parſon touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the ſame thing to others. Though this, I ſaid, was wiſe, the trouble of the precaution might have been ſpared—becauſe the parſon's character was unblemiſhed—and he had ever been held by the world in the eſtimation of a man of honour and integrity.—*Trim*'s character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at leaſt in all the pariſh, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or ſaid of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I ſaid, have made any precaution needleſs—but you muſt know, as the parſon had in a manner

but juſt got down to his living, he dreaded the conſequences of the leaſt ill impreſſion on his firſt entrance among his pariſhioners, which would have diſabled him from doing them the good he wiſhed—ſo that out of regard to his flock, more than the neceſſary care due to himſelf—he was reſolved not to lie at the mercy of what reſentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.—

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearſed, from firſt to laſt, by the parſon, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John* the pariſh-clerk, and in the preſence of *Trim*.

Trim had little to ſay for himſelf, except "that the parſon had abſolutely promiſed to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmoſt of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might ſtill give it him if he pleaſed."

To this the parſon's reply was ſhort, but ſtrong, "That nothing was in his *power* to do, but what he could do *honeſtly*—that, in giving the coat to him

and his wife, he ſhould do a manifeſt wrong to the *next* ſexton, the great watch-coat being the moſt comfortable part of the place—that he ſhould moreover injure the right of his own ſucceſſor, who would be juſt ſo much a worſe patron, as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promiſing that coat, was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man—that was a reſerve, he ſaid, made in all caſes of this kind: and he declared ſolemnly, *in verbo ſacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was ſo underſtood by *Trim* himſelf."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good ſenſe and ſtrong reaſon which accompanied all the parſon ſaid on the ſubject—poor *Trim* was driven to his laſt ſhift—and begged he might be ſuffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promiſe*, at leaſt by *ſervitude*—it was well known how much he was entitled to it upon theſe ſcores: that he had blacked the parſon's ſhoes without count, and greaſed

his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occaſions—whetted the knives at all hours—catched his horſe, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, ſhe had been ready upon all occaſions to char for them; and neither he nor ſhe, to the beſt of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.—To this account of his ſervices, he begged leave to add thoſe of his wiſhes, which, he ſaid, had been equally great—he affirmed, and was ready, he ſaid, to make it appear, by a number of witneſſes, "he had drank his reverence's health a thouſand times (by the bye he did not add out of the parſon's own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wiſhed it, and never came to the houſe but aſked his man kindly how he did; that, in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile *

* "Long before any thing of my Patent was "thought of, I not only moſt ſincerely lamented

to aſk a cunning woman what was good to ſtaunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, ſays *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that ſtrong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town, to borrow you a cloſeſtool — and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witneſs, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." *Trim* concluded this pathetic remonſtrance with ſaying "he hoped his reverence's heart would not ſuffer him to requite ſo many faithful ſervices by ſo unkind a return:—that if it was ſo, as he was the firſt, ſo he hoped he ſhould be the laſt example of a man of his condition ſo treated."—This plan of *Trim*'s defence, which *Trim* had put himſelf upon, could admit of no other reply than a general

"the Archbiſhop's illneſs, but made it my buſi-
"neſs to enquire after every place and remedy that
"might help his Grace in his complaints."

Extract of a Letter from Dr. Topham,
p. 26. of *Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer.*

ſmile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be ſaid *pro* and *con*, on both ſides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim* in every part of this affair had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the courſe of this debate to come out againſt him, namely, that he had gone and told the parſon, before he had ever ſet foot in his pariſh *, that *John* his pariſh-clerk—his church-wardens, and ſome of the heads of the pariſh, were a parcel of ſcoundrels.—Upon the upſhot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At firſt, *Trim* huff'd and bounced moſt terribly—ſwore he would get a warrant—that nothing would ſerve him

* In Dr. Fountayne's Pamphlet, p. 18 and 19. Dr. Topham is charged with having aſſured Archbiſhop Hutton, before he came into the Dioceſe, that the Dean and Chapter of York were a ſet of *ſtrange people*, and that he would find it *very difficult*, if *not impoſſible*, to live upon good terms with them.

but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole pariſh how the parſon had miſuſed him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parſon might poſſibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might ſend him to the houſe of correction, he lets the parſon alone, and to revenge himſelf falls foul upon the clerk, who has no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promiſe of the old—caſt—pair of black—pluſh—breeches; and raiſes an uproar in the town about it, notwithſtanding it had ſlept ten years—but all this, you muſt know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful ſtroke of generalſhip in *Trim* to raiſe a duſt, and cover himſelf under the diſgraceful chaſtiſement he has undergone.——

If your curioſity is not yet ſatisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the ſame exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.——

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed pariſh-clerk of this church, this ſaid *Trim*,

took no ſmall pains to get into *John's* good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promiſe out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black pluſh, not much the worſe for wearing—*Trim* only begged, for God's ſake, to have them beſtowed upon him when *John* ſhould think fit to caſt them.—

Trim was one of thoſe kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the beſt plain whole thing his wife could ſpin him.

John, who was naturally unſuſpicious, made no more difficulty of promiſing the breeches than the parſon had done in promiſing the great coat; and indeed with ſomething leſs reſerve—becauſe the breeches were *John's own*, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to ſay unluckily, but I ſhould rather ſay moſt luckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about ſome

ſix or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the* * *late* parſon of the pariſh and *John* the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parſon's head, "that *John*'s deſk † in the church was at the leaſt four inches higher than it ſhould be—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inaſmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parſon's deſk itſelf."—This hardſhip the parſon complained of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer—and would have it altered, and brought down as it ſhould be." *John* made no other reply, but "that the deſk was not of his raiſing:—that 'twas not one hair-breadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it ſo he would

* Archbiſhop Herring.

† This alludes to the right of appointing preachers fer the vacant ſtalls, which Dr. Fountayne, as Dean of York, claimed againſt the Archbiſhop.

leave it. In ſhort, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he ſuffer one."—The *late* parſon might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*—ſo that *John*'s ſtiffneſs in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was *Trim*'s harveſt.

After a friendly hint to *John* to ſtand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage.—What paſſed there I will not ſay, intending not to be uncharitable; ſo ſhall content myſelf with only gueſſing at it from the ſudden change that appeared in *Trim*'s dreſs for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the ſtable, and was come forth ſtrutting acroſs the church-yard, yclad in a good charitable caſt coat, large hat, and wig, which the parſon had juſt given him.—Ho! ho! hollo! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an inſolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—ſee here, my lad, how fine I am.—The more ſhame for you, anſwered *John* ſeriouſly

—Do you think, *Trim*, ſays he, ſuch finery, gained by ſuch ſervices, becomes you, or can wear well?——Fye upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, conſidering what friendſhip you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many ſhillings, and ſixpences, I have generouſly lent you in your diſtreſſes.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promiſed you theſe black pluſh breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim* (for *Trim*'s brain was half turn'd with his new finery), rot your breeches, ſays he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parſon's any day in the week——*John* told him plainly, as his word had once paſſed him, he had a ſpirit above taking advantage of his inſolence in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got ſo many favours of that kind, and was ſo likely to get

many more for the ſame ſervices, of the parſon, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to ſome one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned *Mark* * *Slender* (who it ſeems the day before had aſked *John* for them), not knowing they were under promiſe to *Trim*—" Come, *Trim*, ſays he, let poor *Mark* have them—you know he has not a pair to his a—, beſides, you ſee he is juſt of my ſize, and they will fit to a T, whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much, and beſides you could not get your backſide into them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces." —Every tittle of this was moſt undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you muſt know, by foul-feeding, and playing the goodfellow at the parſon's, was grown ſomewhat groſs about the lower parts, *if not higher*; ſo that, as all *John* ſaid upon the occaſion was fact, *Trim* with

* Dr. Braithwaite.

much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at laſt, out of mere compaſſion to *Mark*, *ſigns* *, *ſeals*, *and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.—All this renunciation was ſet forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark*'s nakedneſs—but the ſecret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth †, and old velvet cuſhion, which were that very year

* Extract of a letter from Dr. Topham to Dr. Fountayne: "As Dr. Ward has propoſed to re-"ſign the juriſdiction of Pickering and Pockling-"ton to Dr. Braithwaite, if you have not any other "objection, I ſhall very readily give up what "INTEREST ariſes to me in theſe juriſdictions from "your friendſhip and regard." P. 5. of *Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer to Dr. Topham.*

† The Commiſſaryſhip of Dean of York, and the Commiſſaryſhip of the Dean and Chapter of York.

to be taken down—which, by the bye, could he have wheedled *John* a ſecond time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loſs of the breeches ſeven-fold.

Now you muſt know, this pulpit-cloth and cuſhion were not in *John*'s gift, but in the church-warden's*, &c. However, as I ſaid above that *John* was a leading man in the pariſh, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but *John* had got a ſurfeit of him—ſo, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great ſay in it) to *William Doe*†, who underſtood very well what uſe to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived to wear them but a ſhort time, and they got into the poſſeſſion of *Lorry Slim*‡, an unlucky wight, by whom they are ſtill worn—in truth, as you

* The members of the Chapter.

† Mr. Stables.

‡ Mr. Sterne himſelf.

will gueſs, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him ſay what he will to the contrary, ſtill envies the *poſſeſſor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have theſe affairs ſlept quietly for near ten years,—and would have ſlept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I ſaid, has ripped this ſquabble up afreſh; ſo that it was no longer ago than laſt week, that *Trim* met and * inſulted *John* in the public town-way before a hundred people—tax'd him with the promiſe of the old caſt pair of black breeches, notwithſtanding *Trim*'s ſolemn renunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cuſhion—as good

* At the Seſſions dinner, where Dr. Topham charged Dr. Fountayne with the breach of his promiſe, in giving the Commiſſaryſhip of Pocklington and Pickering to another perſon.

as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkſhip; adding, very inſolently, that he knew not ſo much as to give out a common pſalm in tune.

John contented himſelf by giving a plain anſwer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wreſtling with a chimney-ſweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightineſſes inſiſted upon having *Trim* tried upon the ſpot.——

Trim was accordingly tried, and after a full hearing, was convicted a ſecond time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parſon's.——

Trim, ſays one, are you not aſhamed of yourſelf to make all this rout and diſturbance in the town, and ſet neighbours together by the ears, about an old

— worn-out — pair of caſt — breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a caſt coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a ſhilling, but what you have ſnapped up like a greedy hound as you are?

In the firſt place, are you not ſexton and dog-whipper*, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the waſhing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen ſhillings and four-pence; then you have ſix ſhillings and eight-pence for oiling and

* "In the firſt place, would any one imagine "that Dr. Topham, who was now Maſter of the "Faculties—Commiſſary to the Archbiſhop of "York—Official to the Archdeacon of York— "Official to the Archdeacon of the Eaſt Riding— "Official to the Archdeacon of Cleveland—Offi- "cial to the peculiar juriſdiction of Howdenſhire "—Official to the Precentor—Official to the "Chancellor of the Church of York—and Offi- "cial to ſeveral of the Prebendaries thereof, "could accept of ſo poor an addition as a Com- "miſſaryſhip of five gnineas per annum?" P. S. of *Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer to Dr. Topham.*

winding up the clock, both paid you at Eaſter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty ſhillings a year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parſon got you, which brings you in forty ſhillings more.

Beſides all this, you have ſix pounds a year paid you quarterly for being mole-catcher to the pariſh. Aye, ſays the luckleſs wight abovementioned (who was ſtanding cloſe by him with the pluſh breeches on), "you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter ſeſſions." I maintain it, I have a licence, ſays *Trim*, bluſhing as red as ſcarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next pariſh, I will catch conies every hour in the night. *You catch conies!* ſays a toothleſs old woman juſt paſſing by.

This ſet the mob a-laughing, and ſent every man home in perfect good

humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I miſſed the opportunity of ſending it by the meſſenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; ſo it has lain a week or ten days by me —I am not ſorry for the diſappointment, becauſe ſomething has ſince happened in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to tranſmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finiſhed the above account, I thought (as did every ſoul in the pariſh) *Trim* had met with ſo thorough a rebuff from *John* the pariſh-clerk, and the town's-folks, who all took againſt him, that *Trim* would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter reſt.

But, it ſeems, it is not half an hour ago ſince *Trim** ſallied forth again, and,

* Alluding to Dr. Topham's Reply to Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer.

having borrowed a ſow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raiſe a diſturbance, and fight the whole battle over again—alleged that he had been uſed in the laſt fray worſe than a dog, not by *John* the pariſh-clerk, for I ſhould not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a ruſh ſingle-hands—but all the town ſided with him, and twelve men in *buckram* * ſet upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at ſword's point for three hours together.

Beſides, quoth *Trim*, there were two miſbegotten knaves in *Kendal-green*, who lay all the while in ambuſh in *John*'s own houſe, and they all ſixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague, ſays *Trim*, of all cowards.

Trim repeated his ſtory above a dozen times, which made ſome of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fel-

* In Dr. Topham's Reply he aſſerts, that Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer was *the child and offspring of many parents*, p. 1.

low crack-brain'd, and that he actually believed what he ſaid.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a freſh diſpute about the reading deſk, which I told you had occaſioned ſome ſmall diſpute between the *late* parſon and *John* ſome years ago.—This reading deſk, as you will obſerve, was but an epiſode wove into the main ſtory by the bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat.*

However, *Trim* being at laſt driven out of theſe two citadels—he has ſeized hold, in his retreat, of this reading deſk, with a view, as it ſeems, to take ſhelter behind it.

I cannot ſay but the man has fought it out obſtinately enough, and, had his cauſe been good, I ſhould have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you ſee he did not run away; no—he retreated behind the breeches, and when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading deſk. To

what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parſon's boot; but as it is thought he cannot make a long ſtand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parſon's horſe, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but as the horſe is not eaſy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading deſk, he will make his laſt retreat in ſuch a manner, as, if poſſible, to gain the *cloſeſtool*, and defend himſelf behind it to the very laſt drop.

If *Trim* ſhould make this movement, by my advice he ſhould be left, beſides his citadel, in full poſſeſſion of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himſelf till he is weary. Beſides, as *Trim* ſeems bent upon *purging* himſelf, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of ſpeculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of ſtand *Trim* has actually made behind the ſaid deſk: "Neighbours and townſmen all, I will be ſworn before my Lord Mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abuſed me worſe than a dog, for they told you that I play'd faſt and go looſe with the *late* parſon and him in that old diſpute of theirs about the *reading deſk*, and that I made matters worſe between them, and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn —that he would be book-ſworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a ſtrong witneſs, and moreover inſinuated, that *John* himſelf, inſtead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—Aye, *Trim*, ſays the wight in the pluſh breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Beſides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's

pounder, thou knoweſt well that I both thanked thee myſelf, and moreover gave thee a good warm ſupper for turning *John Lund*'s cows and horſes out of my hard corn cloſe, which if thou hadſt not done (as thou toldſt me), I ſhould have loſt my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to teſtify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyſelf waſt the very man who ſet the gate open —and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blackſmith's poor lad who turned them out—ſo that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not ſuſtain this unexpected ſtroke—ſo *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn ſounding, or any other enſigns of honour whatever.—Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a ſecond time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but *Trim* himſelf can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three ſeveral pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been ſo *trimm'd* as never diſaſtrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

FINIS.

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